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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

World Soccer

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This month's front cover . . .

Our cover picture this month portrays the—yes you've guessed it—the Greeks! The high flying fraternity from the Near East usually contrive to put on a spectacular show for the alert photographer. This scene from a recent First Division match in Athens is no exception.

what to look for in next month's edition

The August edition will include a spectacular selection of action photographs taken in the recent World Cup series in Chile. Don't miss this exclusive pictorial extra! Don't forget, either, that the next WORLD SOCCER will include contributions from our experts—Gordon Jeffrey, Eric Batty, Roger Macdonald and Jerry Weinstein among them, and detailed coverage of soccer at club and international level in every quarter of the globe.

JULY WORLD SOCCER 1962
VOL. 2 No. 10

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2. **MASTERS OF SOCCER** by M. Edelston and T. Delaney (18/- for 5/9)
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ADDRESS .....
(Block letters)
.....

U.S. INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT 1962

By ERIC CHARLESON

THE New York season for International Soccer opened in bright sunshine with a fine 17,444 crowd witnessing the defeat of Scottish Champions Dundee at the hands of the German team Reutlingen.

Dundee lost 2-0 but subsequently improved to draw with Hajduk and defeat the Mexican side Guadalajara.

One of the features of the matches has been the closeness of the games and in one case the closeness became rather too much so and a riot ensued. This occurred in the Palermo-Guadalajara clash where the referee came in for some rough handling by some supporters!

Well it had to happen some time in the States, so why not now! At the time of going to press all results in the First Section were not to hand but the second section openers are due for schedule this month.

Prospects seem good especially from the crowd angle and the matches at Soldier's Field, Chicago, and in Mexico have been well supported, too.

All told this could be the best of three tournaments so far held.

First Section

Reutlingen 2 Dundee 0
Hajduk 1 Palermo 2
America 1 Guadalajara 1
Palermo 1 Guadalajara 1
Hajduk 0 Reutlingen 1
Dundee 2 Hajduk 2
Palermo 2 America 3
Guadalajara 2 Dundee 3
America 3 Hajduk 2

Remaining fixtures in the American Tournament

SECOND SECTION

Sunday, July 1
Wiener S.C. v. M.T.K.; Elfsborg v. Panathinaikos.

Wednesday, July 4
Zaragosa v. Elfsborg; M.T.K. v. Belenenses.

Friday, July 6
Panathinaikos v. Wiener S.C. (at Soldier's Field, Chicago).

Sunday, July 8
Elfsborg v. M.T.K.; Zaragosa v. Belenenses.

Sunday, July 15
M.T.K. v. Panathinaikos; Zaragosa v. Wiener S.C.; Elfsborg v. Belenenses (at Szot Park, Chicopee, Mass.).

Friday, July 20
M.T.K. v. Zaragosa (at Soldier's Field, Chicago).

Sunday, July 22
Panathinaikos v. Belenenses; Wiener S.C. v. Elfsborg.

Sunday, July 29
Zaragosa v. Panathinaikos; Belenenses v. Wiener S.C.

CHAMPIONSHIP PLAY-OFFS

Wednesday, August 1
First Leg: Section One Winner v. Section Two Winner.

Sunday, August 5
Second Leg: Section One Winner v. Section Two Winner.

AMERICAN CHALLENGE CUP

Wednesday, August 8
First Game: International League Champions of 1962 v. Dukla (1961 Champions) (at Soldier's Field, Chicago).

Sunday, August 12
Second Game: International League Champions of 1962 v. Dukla.

International top sixes

FRANCE

	Pld.	Pts.
Reims	38	48
R.C. Paris	38	48
Nimes	38	47
Nancy	38	44
Sedan	38	43
Monaco	38	43

HOLLAND

	Pld.	Pts.
Feyenoord	34	50
PSV	34	49
Blauw Wit	34	41
Ajax	34	39
NAC	34	38

MALTA (Final)

	Pld.	Pts.
Floriana	14	28
Valetta	14	24
Sliema W.	14	17
Hibernians	14	13
Hamrun S.	14	10
Birkirkara	14	9

MOROCCO

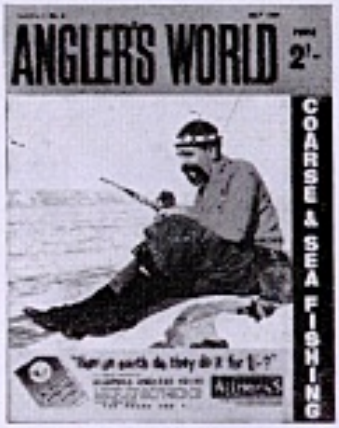
	Pld.	Pts.
F.A.R.	24	55
R.A.C.	24	51
Oujda	24	51
Marrakech	24	50
R.A.S.J.	24	50
Kenitra	24	49

GREECE

	Pld.	Pts.
Panathinaikos	26	75
Olympiakos	26	67
Apollon	26	66
A.E.K.	26	65
Forstir	26	53
P.A.O.K.	26	52

IMPORTANT — READ THIS ANNOUNCEMENT

OWING to the outstanding success of the first issue of ANGLER'S WORLD, which resulted in a complete 'sell-out', the print order of the July issue (to be published Monday, June 25) will be substantially increased. Anglers—be 'in the swim'—read ANGLER'S WORLD.



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INTERNATIONAL RESULTS SECTION

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2

Scotland (0) 2 (Baxter, Brand)
Uruguay (2) 3 (Langon, Cubilla 2)
Scotland: Connachan; Hamilton, Caldow; Crerand, McNeill, Baxter; Scott, Quinn, St. John, Brand, Wilson.
Uruguay: Sosa; Troche, Soria; Gonzalez, Goncalvez, Cubillas; Langon, Cortez, Sacia, Douksas, Cubilla.

EUROPEAN CUP FINAL

Benfica (2) 5 (Aguas, Cavem, Coluna, Eusebio 2, 1 pen.)
Real Madrid (3) 3 (Puskas 3)
Benfica: Pereira; Joao, Angelo; Cavem, Germano, Cruz; Augusto, Eusebio, Aguas, Coluna, Simoes.
Real Madrid: Araquistain; Casado, Mira; Felo, Santamaria, Paches; Tejada, Del Sol, Di Stefano, Puskas, Gento.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9

England (3) 3 (Connelly, Flowers, Hitchens)
Switzerland (1) 1 (Allemann)
England: Springett; Armfield, Wilson; Robson, Swan, Flowers; Connelly, Greaves, Hitchens, Haynes, Charlton.
Switzerland: Permunian; Roesch, Tacchella; Grobety, Schneiter, Weber; Antenen, Vonlanthen, Eschmann, Allemann, Durr.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23

Poland (1) 2 (Pohl 2)
Belgium (0) 0
Poland: Szymkowiak; Sorpanski, Woziak; Nicroba, Oslizlo, Gregorczyk; Faber, Brychczy, Gajda, Pohl, Lentner.
Belgium: Nicolay; Bare, Raskin; Hanon, Lejeune, Lippens; Jurion, Van Himst, Stockman, Vandenberg, Puis.

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A CROWDED MONTH FOR MATCHES

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

May	5:	Italy	2	France	1
,,	6:	Austria	2	Bulgaria	0
,,	6:	Brazil	2	Portugal	1
,,	9:	Brazil	1	Portugal	0
,,	9:	England	3	Switzerland	1
,,	9:	Netherlands	4	N. Ireland	0
,,	13:	Belgium	1	Italy	3
,,	13:	Brazil	3	Wales	1
,,	:	U.S.S.R.	2	E. Germany	1
,,	16:	Yugoslavia	3	E. Germany	1
,,	16:	Norway	2	Netherlands	1
,,	16:	Brazil	3	Wales	1
,,	17:	Portugal	1	Belgium	2
,,	:	Turkey	1	Israel	0
,,	20:	Peru	0	England	4
,,	22:	Mexico	2	Wales	1
,,	23:	Poland	2	Belgium	0
,,	23:	E. Germany	4	Denmark	1

★ ★ ★ ★

A match at Vina del Mar during the World Cup finals. Czechoslovakia's Pluskal makes a high kicking clearance past the gaze of Suarez the Spanish inside-forward during the second half of their match. The Czechs won by the only goal of the game and succeeded in qualifying for the final eight teams in the quarter-final round. (Planet 1.)

★ ★ ★ ★

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Each month on these pages we go back over the major internationals played since the last issue. The particular games featured are indicated at the head of the article for quick reference.

by GORDON JEFFERY

A BUMPER crop of matches with no need for the Coroner to have to scratch around for evidence to fill his sheet. He is, however, very much aware that if all has gone according to the very careful plans that have been made, after this material has gone to the printer, everyone connected with WORLD SOCCER will be on their toes to see that the results, line-ups, goal-scorers and so on from the World Cup matches in Chile are rushed into print. And I am pretty confident that it is what Italy, Brazil, England and the rest did in Chile that will matter to readers more than how they fared with sparring partners in the month before!

World Cup final contenders were involved, as you can see, in more than half of the matches under review, and whereas the results of such matches are of little consequence compared with those in Chile, there are some interesting pointers to the various ways in which different countries prepared for Chile.

Italy, for example, for their match against France introduced Radice at left-back, the Argentinian Humberto Maschio at inside-right and Menichelli at outside-left as newcomers to the Italian national (?) eleven. Radice and Menichelli remained in post for the second match against Brussels in Belgium when two more players made their international début—Palermo's 'keeper, Carlo Mattrel, and the highly thought of eighteen-year-old, Gianni Rivera, at inside-right.

Despite these "bloodings" the Italians took with them to Chile four players who had still to make their début in a Full International and three others who had played only once! Facts I mention without comment only for considerations by the diehards in England who queried the inclusion of a single "untried" player (Peacock) in the England playing squad.

ADVANTAGE

Bulgaria, whose national team has been amongst the most settled over the past twelve months, took advantage of their fixture with Austria to try out, for the full period of the match or as substitutes, some of their "reserves" like Asparuhov, Dermentjev, Gaidarov and Dimov. Austria for her part took the opportunity to improve their so far disappointing 1962 record, of defeats by Egypt and England and a shambling odd goal in five victory over the Republic of Ireland, to beat Bulgaria 2-0 but the goals only came in the last twenty minutes and one was from the penalty spot (Hof scoring) and the second a Bulgarian own goal (Rakarov).

England had Gerry Hitchens, home from Italy, at centre-forward against Switzerland, Bobby Robson at right-half in place of Anderson, and preferred Connelly to Douglas at outside-right. This was, presumably, selected as England's strongest eleven but something, or some one or two, was missing from the smooth machine that had made goal-scoring seem almost inevitable a year ago.

Hitchens was slow in thought and movement, Greaves lacking his golden touch, and Connelly, whom someone seeking a cliche once described as "fast and direct" and nearly everyone has followed suit, showed not for the first time that he is seldom direct and uses his speed only to run into and not out of trouble.

Not that, watching the match, I was as disappointed by the exhibition as many others were apparently. Both countries were bound to be thinking more about Chile in June than Wembley in May and, although a case can be argued that top-level players should put on a hundred-per-cent show when people have paid to watch them perform, the circumstances of two World Cup countries playing each other within a month of the Finals were unusual.

The Swiss, in spite of a lot of Rappan "blarney" before the match, fielded pretty much their best team with the exception of Pottier and perhaps the 'keeper, Elsener, although, in the event, the second-half substitution of Kurt Stettler for Permunian in goal for his first International appearance may have enhanced the status of the then Number 3 goalkeeper in the eyes of the Swiss selectors.

England travelled to South America for their second International in the period under review to take on Peru. On paper this was an "easy" match but partly because of this (the only attention afforded to such matches is when the favourite comes un-

Continued overleaf

Grosics, the Hungarian goalkeeper dives to save from England's Bobby Charlton (white jersey) during the World Cup match which Hungary won by two goals to one. (Planet 1.)

Continued from previous page

stuck) it was an awkward one for Walter Winterbottom to contemplate. Three years ago Peru had beaten an uneasy England team in the course of an unhappy South American tour and there was a consequential spur on the English players to avenge that defeat. There was, too, the need of a good win to lessen any feelings of discouragement as a result of the defeat at Hampden Park and the occasionally faltering play against Switzerland. There was also, however, the desirability of testing new players in the team and in the atmosphere of a Full International played away from home—particularly young Bobby Moore, the last-minute but, I think, merited addition to the English World Cup party if not to the first team. Moreover, and this indeed was perhaps the most important consideration, the match was primarily intended as a final pre-Chile run and not one to be played at full stretch. The Peruvians, on the other hand, needed to have no inhibitions.

RESPECT

The result—a resounding 4-0 victory—was encouraging in every respect for England. Honour, in the form of avenging the previous defeat, was satisfied: Moore and Norman (in for the indisposed Peter Swan) had satisfactory débuts: Jimmy Greaves regained his magic—a hat-trick in the space of fifteen minutes towards the close of the first half after Flowers had opened the scoring from the penalty spot: and, assured of the victory, in the second half the English players were able to absorb the atmosphere without having to worry about the result. The penalty incidentally was awarded following a foul on Douglas, back on the right wing in place of Connelly.

Whilst Italy, Bulgaria, England and, to a lesser extent the Soviet Union, were introducing new blood into their team, Brazil in her four matches against Portugal and Wales seemed bent upon doing exactly the opposite. The most employed players during the four matches—played in the space of ten days—were Gilmar, Djalmar and Nilton Santos, Mauro, Zequinha, Garrincha, Didi, Vava and Pele, which reads very much like a roll-call of the 1958 World Cup triumphs of Brazil in Sweden.

Newer boys, so far as the World Cup is concerned at any rate, played occasionally—Coutinho against Wales for instance but not against Portugal when Didi's protege Amarildo played. Amarildo has been a prolific goal-scorer for Botafogo in the Rio League and it seems likely that he will appear in some of Brazil's World Cup matches.

The "veteran" of 1958, Zagalo, and Pepe have shared the left-wing spot and Altair, Calvet, Zito, Zozimo, Jurandir and Mengalvio all played in parts at least of one or more of the matches. Bellini, the handsome 1958 captain, only made a first-half appearance in the first match against Portugal and it seems that Mauro has now made good his claim to the centre-half spot.

The narrowness of Brazil's victories over Portugal will not, I hope, have fooled anyone—any more than the score Soviet Union 2 East Germany 1 although the circumstances were different. In the latter the Russians soon moved into a two goal lead and it was only when they were obviously easing up—and Lev Yashin was getting some needed practice—that Erler got East Germany's goal. Ponedelnik and the splendid *reserve* outside-right Chislenko scored the Soviet Union's goals.

Brazil against Portugal reversed the process—they left it until late in both games to translate their obvious mastery into the goals that made the result reflect the play. In a manner reminiscent of the plight of champion heavyweight boxers at different periods, the Brazilians had run into difficulty arranging sparring partners and had they had a choice might not have chosen Portugal and Wales for the job.

PORTUGAL

In fact they could scarcely have wished for better preparations because Portugal, assisted by several of the Benfica stars still flushed from their splendid win over Real Madrid, played skilful, fluid football that tested the Brazilians' ability to read the game, to counter tactics with subtler moves of their own; and the Welsh, whilst less thoughtful, less skilled than the Portuguese, played with the bite and the zest that Brazil may (if the machinations of play and the draw dictate it so) come up against from teams as Czechoslovakia and West Germany.

Goals: by Vava and Zequinha (the winner half an hour from the end) for Brazil in the first match, and Coluna, after nine minutes' play, for Portugal; and in the second match by the incomparable Pele—again when about half an hour remained for play. Estimates of the attendance at this match played in Rio vary considerably with some putting it as high as 160,000, but what appears to be fact is the record gate receipts of 30 million cruzeiros or about £30,000! But the cost of living is high in Brazil!

When the Portuguese returned to Lisbon they took up the International trail again with a match against Belgium that had, of course, no reference to the 1962 World Cup except for the Belgians to mourn, as I have mentioned before, that they could not now be taking on Sweden and Switzerland in the Qualifying Competition. I know that their bare record, following a successful run since mid-October of convincing wins over France (3-0), Netherlands (4-0), Bulgaria (4-0) and Netherlands (3-1), in the period I am reviewing is one of two defeats and one win but the 3-1 defeat by Italy in Brussels was in no way a disgrace for the Belgians.

ARTICLE

The Italians, with the new players I mentioned earlier in this article, played better than they have done for a very long time. The victory in Lisbon on the other hand—particularly when Portugal's good performances against Brazil are taken into account—was a fine performance with the home country never recovering from two goals scored by Stockman and Jurion in the first ten minutes. Eusebio got Portugal's goal early in the second half.

Belgium's second defeat was in Warsaw where the Poles scored the only goals of the match through Lentner and Brychczy. Poland, particularly on their own terrain, have given ample evidence of their steady development.

Firemen blaze trail in Canada

VANCOUVER Firefighters, a team composed almost entirely of full-time firemen in Vancouver, captured the Pacific Coast International Championship, by defeating Mexico's strongly-favoured national "B" select team in the second annual play-off for the President John F. Kennedy Trophy in Los Angeles (writes JEFF CROSS).

The championship, competed for annually by the league champions of Los Angeles, San Francisco and Vancouver, plus a strong national team from Mexico, was again played in two "doubleheaders".

On the first day, Mexico defeated San Francisco Scots 5-3 in extra time and Vancouver Firefighters defeated Los Angeles Kickers in one of the most extraordinary and lengthy games ever played.

Tied 3-3 after the regulation 90 minutes of play Vancouver and Los Angeles played 30 minutes of extra time. It was still 3-3. A second extra-time session of 30 minutes was played. Each team scored once to make the score 4-4. Then with both teams weary and exhausted a third overtime period was played, limited to 15 minutes (7½ minutes each way). The score remained 4-4.

Mexican

Organisers of the championship and the officials of the two teams then agreed that the Mexican system of penalty-kicks in groups of three would settle the issue—each team to take turns in taking three spot-kicks.

Scots-born wing-half Bob Mackay, the only non-Canadian-born Vancouver player, took Vancouver's first three and found the net each time.

Then Los Angeles left-winger Al Zerhusen had his chance, but his first shot was saved brilliantly by Firefighters' outstanding goalie Ken Pears, rated the finest 'keeper in Canada.

That was the end of the game and it goes into the record book as a 7-4 win for Vancouver.

With some 7,000 fans watching at Wrigley Field, the "doubleheader" had started at 1 p.m. When Pears saved Zerhusen's penalty-kick, it was exactly 7.13 p.m.—and most of the 7,000 were still there!

Three days later, at the same site, Vancouver and Mexico squared off for the Kennedy Cup final. This time the Vancouver firemen required only the regulation 90 minutes to defeat Mexico 2-1 and give Canada its biggest soccer boost in many years.

(Last year, in the inaugural of the President Kennedy Trophy competition, Mexico and Canada had also won through to the final. On that occasion the Mexicans defeated Westminster Royals, the Vancouver league champions, by a 3-0 score.)

The three-country international championship will continue to be held in Los Angeles until 1965. It is hoped that, after that, the site will be alternated with the other competing cities, and that league champions from other countries bordering the Pacific Coast will take part.

The Kennedy Cup triumph climaxed a great year for the Firefighters of Vancouver. They captured the championship of British Columbia's Pacific Coast League, then provided no less than nine players to the 16-strong party from which the Vancouver All-star side was chosen to meet England's Sheffield United at Empire Stadium here on June 6. Seven of the players who captured the Kennedy Cup were actually in the All-stars' line-up against Sheffield.

Scoring both

This match ended in a 2-2 tie before 10,237 spectators, with Firefighters' centre-forward Jim Blundell scoring both Vancouver goals. Derek Pace and Keith Kettleborough scored for Sheffield.

It was the first point dropped by Sheffield on their 10-game tour of North America. Previously the English team had a string of eight successive victories, including wins over Eintracht Frankfurt of Germany (4-1) and Saarbrucken FC of Germany (2-0).

Their tour was one of the most successful undertaken by an English team against such opposition as provided by the German clubs they played.

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OXFORD IN—THE ONLY HINT OF ANY PROGRESS

ENGLISH REVIEW by STUART SHAW

SOCCER in England will be the same next season. That in general terms is the result of the deliberations of the clubs at the A.G.M. of the Football League. There is one exception, however. Oxford United are to play in the Fourth Division to fill the vacancy left by the departure to extinction of Accrington Stanley.

The four-up and four-down proposal which it was hoped would act as a stimulant to falling gates has been put aside for another year. The 600,000-odd fans (total for season of course) who absented themselves last term could well be doubled next term. The public have yet to be convinced that something is being done to attract them back to the game.

Money spent on the survey to discover why fans were staying away from the game, is now being spoken of as money wasted. On the face of it this appears the case.

Attendances were down in the First Division and the Fourth Division and up in the Second and Third Divisions. Next season Liverpool will add their considerable support to the elite and no doubt they will be welcomed with open arms. The fans of the Anfield Road club are good travellers, too, and can be relied upon to visit other grounds in large numbers.

Leyton Orient should have a useful support, too, though it may not be the same as that of Chelsea, who are now in Division Two. But it depends on which clubs do well in the Division as far as support is concerned. If Everton, Spurs, Liverpool, Manchester United, Arsenal and Sheffield Wednesday are interested in the championship race, then the overall attendance figures might well be quite good.

Overflowing

As yet we have heard nothing on the vexed question of players' wages. Last year at this time the news was overflowing on stories about "rebels" holding out for better terms. But with the World Cup "battles" taking up most of the sporting space in the press, I suppose this will come later.

On the whole the New Deal seems to have worked out quite well. It has still to find a level of some kind as it inevitably must do. Clubs having a good run will fall on hard times, find they cannot offer the same terms and so eventually we will finish with some type of uniformed sum. There will, as ever, be exceptions to this rule.

Next season the League Cup will continue and it is hoped that it will receive better support. A measure seems likely to be introduced that will mean that the necessity for byes in later rounds will not arise. This is a fine thing and was one of the niggling little points about the competition. However, it is some consolation for the Football League that a healthy proportion of clubs are still prepared to enter it.

Perhaps it may even yet be retained and by the time it reaches some maturity in a few years hence, the League structure will have been altered to allow for these extra games and the League Cup will be looked upon with kindness by those who are not interested at the moment. A streamlining of the League system would help immensely the competition as a whole.

The one new face appearing next term will be that of Oxford United, as mentioned in the opening paragraph of this review. They are somewhat unique as far as the vast population of football fans regard most non-league clubs. They are not composed of ageing former League stars, but have an average age of twenty-three. Many of them have blossomed forth in the regions of Southern League football having had little or no chance to shine in the Football League circle when attached to such clubs in this sphere.

Impact

Oxford United should acquit themselves well. It remains to be seen whether they have the same impact as Peterborough United. I rather doubt this but this should not detract from their achievements.

On a rather more unpleasant note, allegations of a distasteful nature have been disclosed and are to be investigated by the Football League concerning attempts alleged to have been made in connection with bribery of some Gillingham players in a match with Wrexham in the Fourth Division last season. This is another tragedy for the game and one which it could well be done without. The outcome will be awaited with apprehension.

Soccer has enough worry on its hands without such statements. Let us hope the inquiry clears the whole thing up for good and all. Perhaps one day in the far, far distant future, everyone connected with the game will work towards the good of the game as a whole. Let's get together, chaps—before it's too late.

Championship

Naturally in these days, the thoughts of championship and cup winners brings us to the two major European Cup competitions, the European Champions Cup and the European Cup Winners Cup. Ipswich Town are to play in the former, Spurs in the latter. The first is the present big money spinner, the second could well develop into a rival, one day.

Ipswich Town have made an early venture into the transfer market to secure further strength to their staff. Newcomer is Bobby Blackwood, the Hearts inside-forward, who is an experienced player of twenty-seven. He will be a useful acquisition.

Tottenham Hotspur have not as yet made any signings. The luck of the draw could well end with little Bangor City, who qualified for the European Cup Winners Cup, having a plum draw against Tottenham. Bangor, the Welsh club, triumphed over Wrexham in the Welsh Cup final in a rather odd way, compared to most other qualifiers for this competition.

They lost at Wrexham, won at home and again defeated their Football League opponents on a neutral ground. (A neutral, non-league ground.) Football revival in North Wales is assured. Jolly good luck to them, anyway.

Still perhaps it is a blessing that in England we have as yet only doped racehorses and greyhounds on a large scale, while footballers have been left out of such scandals. But, of course, that does not mean that one day trap number one at the White City might not include. . . .

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The man who steered Ireland to glory resigns

Team manager shock causes its problem

NORTHERN IRELAND REVIEW by COLIN McALPIN

THE end of a long and, unfortunately not too bright, road has at long last been reached and the season past is now just a memory—sad or glad considering who you follow. With the parting words, "Hope of a season's fame ..." the twelve Irish League clubs and the hundreds of smaller clubs will lock up and leave the already near-empty terracing for the birds and the smiling summer skies.

At the time of writing (Tell me the old, old story ...) the European Cup representatives have not been chosen for both Portadown and Linfield are level at the top of the league with thirty-one points each ... one hopes any play-off for the final reckoning will be a lot better than the Cup Final which fell so hard it is still bouncing. Also that excuse for a last fling, the County Antrim Shield, has still to be decided and at the time of writing only Glentoran are known to be through to the final, beating Crusaders 2-1 on the eve of the F.A. Cup Final.

One wonders if Crusaders had have managed to get into the final would it have been as good as the one they fought out with Linfield some few seasons ago? Now there was a final and I personally will always carry the memory of that great goalkeeper Tommy Walker (Crusaders) winning the Shield for the "Hatchet-men" practically on his own. He was knocked out twice and after that he was unbeatable and not even the storming Jackie Milburn for Linfield could get past Walker.

Stuff of which memories are made. Memories that can never fade as seasons roll by and new faces are now minding the nets and scoring. Walker left just after that game for New Zealand and their gain is Ulster's loss.

Now for the present season — what memories can we salvage from the weeks of futile football? Linfield, of course, must be the team of the year for not since their 1924 days have they been in with a chance of collecting all the trophies. They made no mistakes about the Ulster, Gold, City, North-South and Irish Cups. They might be hard pushed for the League and the Antrim Shield, we must wait. Even so they are the top team in Northern Ireland and stand up the man who wants to dispute that fact.

One of the things best forgotten is the Irish Cup shambles which Portadown, as a token gesture, took part in.

Cantered

The Blues were not pressed to any great degree to collect the Cup and they cantered to a 4-0 win against a poor Portadown side who had nothing at all to offer except perhaps eleven players the Linfield lads could run rings round. Portadown skipper Wilbur Cush said after the "game", "We just didn't count". Yup, I reckon so!

Shock of the season has been International manager, Peter Doherty's decision to quit. Rumours had it that Bertie Peacock of Coleraine would get the vacant post but after their recent meeting the International selectors and committee decided to be typically Irish and name Danny Blanchflower as captain and "tactician"—whatever that vague title means. So Ireland have no manager, at least not for the time being. In parting from this subject let me pay a tribute to Peter Doherty who steered the Northern Ireland lads to the final stages of the World Cup in Sweden a few years back. Doherty more than anybody brought fame to the provence with his "Happy Family" of footballing Ulstermen and I only hope our next manager is half as good as Peter Doherty.

Arguments

Cliftonville ended their season with a point from Glenavon and must again apply for re-election to the league with Bangor. People are forever saying there is no room for softness in football but I can't think why not. I know all the arguments for and against the present Cliftonville saga but I would hate to think of next season coming along and the Reds not being there to take part in it—to me that would be like the music-hall joker without his mother-in-law to get at. It may sound a little harsh to say that every pack has a joker and you can't very well have a quiet snigger at Linfield or the other top clubs—they always get the last laugh. Still if we keep Cliftonville in the league I am sure some day they will be able to turn round and laugh in all our faces—a long, loud laugh and to that I say roll on the day.

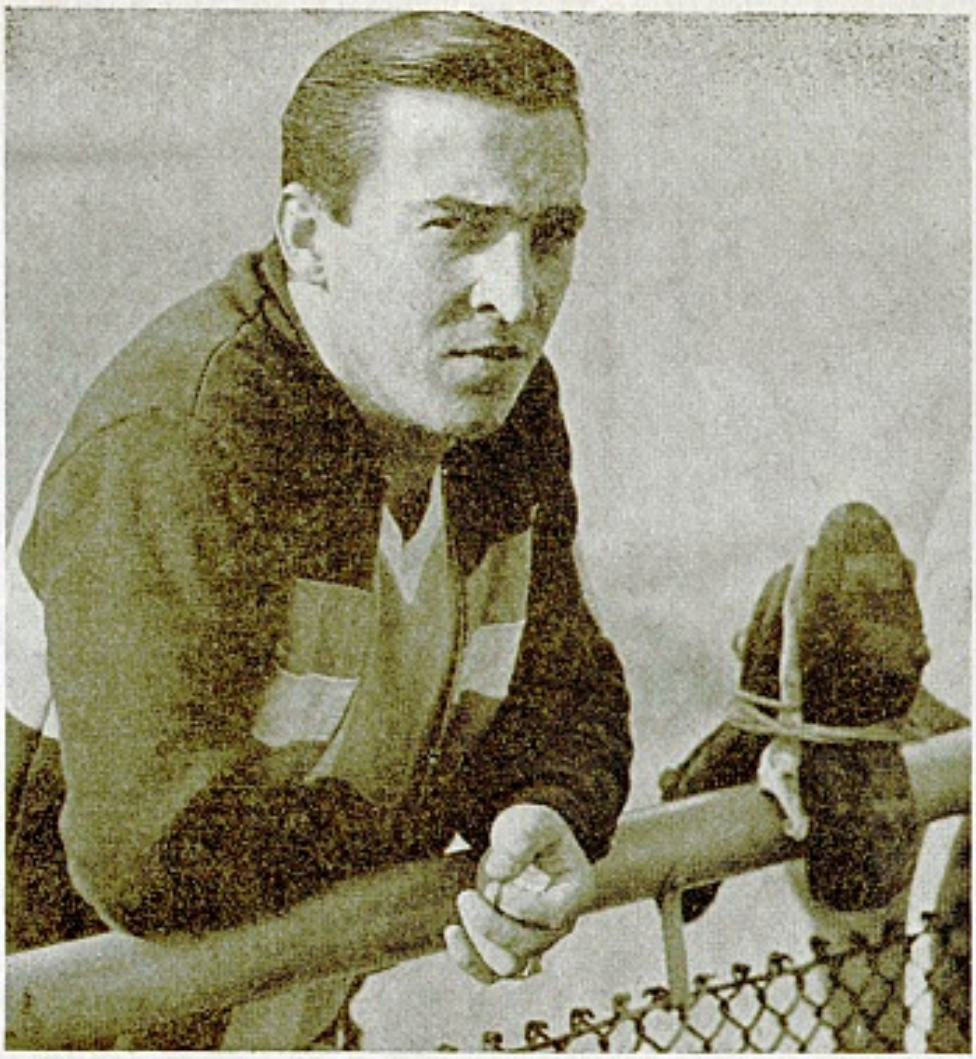
Now that we have all summer to plan our future soccer fare would it be too much to ask the men in charge to be brave and try something new? "Like what?" you ask and immediately the hundreds of fans chime in with the old cry of make the league larger by at least two more teams. In days of yore the two teams who automatically qualified for this "seek-election bid" were Larne Town and Newry Town but looking at the "B" Division table I notice these two are well down in the placings and I don't suppose they could make a go of it in the senior grade.

This of course presents problems and problems, being things we are supposed to solve, must be faced. Until there is a league covering all Ireland (though I often have doubts about this suggestion) must the fans have the same twelve clubs year in and year out? With a few extra clubs some enthusiasm might creep back into the game. I shudder to think what might happen if nothing serious is attempted in the near future.

Looking far into the future, there is the 1966 World Cup to think about since the Chile series is now over. There should be a reasonable amount of optimism in the air for this occasion as it will be held in neighbouring England and with most of the players presumably still coming from English clubs, there is no reason why the Irish should not do well.

Before such an eventuality, of course, there are many of the anomalies I have been referring to in this column during the past months, to be straightened out to everyone's satisfaction. But this is not a question or series of questions that cannot readily be resolved, unfortunately.

Photograph at the top of the page shows Danny Blanchflower attempting an aerial clearance (left), in the match Northern Ireland v. Holland which the latter won 4-0. (P.A.-I.)



Hanging up his boots—temporarily of course—is Argentina's star Menendez. He can look forward to many more seasons in the game before he carries out this task on a permanent basis. (Metelmann 1.)

THE INCREASING GLARE

With World Cup issues at stake, domestic soccer has taken a secondary position

IT has been impossible for senior soccer in South America during the past two months to escape the steadily increasing glare of the World Cup spotlight. Santos, the Brazilian champions (by virtue of winning the nearest to a national competition—the Cup—that the Brazilians have as yet), were eager, for example, to dispose of the South American Champions Cup semi-final and final matches by the end of March. The organising committee meeting early in March drew up a firm programme of dates—March 17 and 21 for the two legs of the Penarol and Nacional (both Uruguay of course) semi-final; and similar dates for Santos and the Universidad Catolica—the first leg to be played in Brazil and the second in Chile. And for the finals—March 24 and 28.

They could have saved their time and trouble in meeting. So far as Chile in particular were concerned only the World Cup occupied their thoughts—both as participants and as the host country. And Uruguay, even if Nacional and Penarol were not themselves enthusiastic about it, had their minds on a fact-finding tour of Europe! Only in Argentina—normally the first, in any case, to get started on their League season because of their climatic conditions—has there been any regard paid to normal club competitions at the top level.

For the rest even touring European clubs have been pounced upon as sparring partners for national selections in training for the Finals in Chile. Such matters have been too numerous to record and in any case the results cannot be regarded as being reliable assessments of form with so much experimenting going on within the national selections.

Zaragoza

The most instructive was probably the tour of the Spanish club, Zaragoza, who played against both Argentina and Chile early in May—before engaging in a couple of scraps with a Peru eleven limbering up for their match against England. Both Argentina and Chile beat the Spanish club—the former by two goals to nil and Chile by three goals to nil. It is possible, however, that the latter took the match more seriously than did the Argentinians and everyone, and that includes the fifty thousand excited spectators, seemed to be pleased with the Chileans' display.

I am writing this, of course, before the major battles start in Chile but I doubt if, having for injuries, there will have been many changes made in the Chilean side for the eliminating group matches from the one that lined up against Zaragoza: Escuti; Eyzaguirre, Lopez; Navarro, Contreras, Ortiz; Moreno, Toro, Landa, Fouilloux and Lionel Sanchez. The youngest members of the team, twenty-one-year-old Fouilloux and Landa, who will celebrate his twenty-second birthday (he will hope happily) on June 1, got Chile's goals—Landa a couple in the first half and Fouilloux half-way through the second.

Argentina's match is more interesting by comparison with the somewhat disappointing (on paper at any rate) results of the two full International matches that preceded it—the ones against Uruguay (1-1) and Mexico (1-0). So much is often spoken and written about the virtues of a settled national side that it is interesting to tabulate the players called upon by Argentina with the World Cup only just around the corner. (See end of article.)

Twenty-six players in three matches is pretty good permutating even for a South American country. By comparison Brazil, for all their vast resourceness, have been strangely conservative—deploying approximately the same number of players but those over six matches—two apiece against Paraguay (6-0 and 4-0), Portugal (2-1 and 1-0), and Wales (3-1 and 3-1). In all of these the core of the side, and in the case of the two against Paraguay in particular often nearly the entire side, has been the seasoned campaigners of the 1958 World Cup competition in Sweden.

The close margin of victory in some of the matches has not, I imagine, fooled anyone. In every case the Brazilians showed that when a goal was needed they were capable of scoring one—even if perhaps more often than they would like it has to be Pele that does it. Pele stands unique in football as the one player who has often won matches simply by his own efforts. We talk and write glibly of such-and-such a player winning the match but, great as many such performances have been, the assistance of others has been necessary.

But Pele, one begins to feel, could collect the ball on his own goal-line and waltz down the pitch with it leaving a trail of beaten opponents until he was faced only with the goalkeeper to beat. At which point, as he did in Santos' South American Cup match against Cerro Portena, he would probably pause, juggle the ball into the air and nod it into the net beyond reach of the bemused 'keeper!

However, such matches as these half-dozen of Brazil's and Mexico's resumed rivalry with Colombia (they repeated their overall supremacy in Colombia by winning one-nil at home), will quickly be forgotten as the World Cup results start coming through. The League campaigns will carry on, however, when fourteen nations have come away from Chile (and one stayed there)

GORDON JEFFERY'S SOUTH AMERICAN COMMENTARY

with only the consolation that the qualifying matches for the next World Cup will be starting in not much more than two years time!

Perhaps it is the result of too much awareness of playing in the World Cup, perhaps it is only coincidence, but the opening five matches in the Argentinian League have resulted in a somewhat unusual-looking table. Maybe when the World Cup is over and the League campaign resumed—unlike in the Soviet Union where clubs have got to soldier on without their Chile-playing stars during the opening period of the Soviet Championship, the Argentinians have now suspended theirs—clubs like Racing and River Plate will begin to think seriously about their League position.

Here at any rate is how, on the basis of the first matches, is how I make the League table in Argentina. (That five clubs have played a game less than the others arises from the refusal to admit Newell's Old Boys as a promoted club from the Second Division such that there are only fifteen, instead of sixteen, clubs in the League and each club in turn has a week without a League fixture.)

Argentina

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
Independiente	5	3	2	0	9	3	8
Boca Juniors	5	3	2	0	9	4	8
Huracan	5	3	1	1	6	2	7
Ferro Carril Oeste	4	2	2	0	4	2	6
Argentinos Jun.	4	2	2	0	10	7	6
Velez Sarsfield	5	3	0	2	11	12	6
Gimnasia	4	2	1	1	6	4	5
Rosario Central	5	1	3	1	5	5	5
Chacarita Jun.	5	1	2	2	7	7	4
San Lorenzo	5	1	2	2	4	5	4
River Plate	4	1	1	2	6	7	3
Quilmes	5	1	0	4	5	8	2
Atlanta	5	1	0	4	4	7	2
Racing	4	1	0	3	2	5	2
Estudiantes	5	1	0	4	5	15	2

It was Huracan who got off to the best start with successive victories over Velez Sarsfield (4-0), Atlanta (1-0) and San Lorenzo (1-0). In their next match they only drew the away fixture with Rosario Central—still however without conceding a goal. Rosario Central incidentally are already well on the way to becoming this season's Argentinian "draw" champions—after beating Racing one-nil in the opening match, they drew with both Ferro and Argentinos Juniors immediately before the match with Huracan! Huracan meanwhile found in their fifth match that they could no longer count on the fair-haired goalkeeper, Bertoldi, to keep his charge permanently intact. He let in two goals and, with his forwards themselves unable to penetrate Gimnasia's defence, Huracan suffered their first defeat and fell below the still unbeaten pair, Independiente and Boca Juniors.

Immediately below Huracan are Ferro and Argentinos Juniors also unbeaten and having played a match less than the leaders. Then far in the rear come clubs like River Plate and Racing, usually to be found amongst the leaders, and the newly-promoted club, Quilmes. The latter lost their first four matches before beating Rosario Central to gain their first points. Rosario, the draw champions as I have mentioned, had been unbeaten in their previous four matches but Quilmes' victory was not altogether a surprise when it is appreciated that each of their four defeats had been by a single goal margin.

In their first match at home to Independiente they had the satisfaction of attracting the highest gate receipts of the opening weekend of League football. They fell in arrears after twenty-three minutes when D'Ascenzo scored for Independiente but were level again, thanks to Del Moro, two minutes before the interval. Their satisfaction was short-lived, however, with Silveira scoring within a minute of the resumption and Romero putting Independiente two-up within the quarter-hour. Quilmes fought back strongly and Porporato narrowed the margin with six minutes left for play. After that not all the newcomer's efforts could get the ball into the net past Independiente's 'keeper, Toriani. A disappointment to the large Quilmes crowd and to their players—and a disappointment that was repeated as they lost to both Velez Sarsfield and Atlanta by the odd goal in three and to San Lorenzo by a goal to nil. Then came the away match against Rosario Central: a single goal victory and perhaps the spur Quilmes need to move up the table.

To move up the table is now a very real need for both Racing and River Plate—the former's only victory was gained at the expense of the latter who have themselves only beaten Estudiantes and drawn with Chacarita Juniors. Both clubs have, of course, already had their first "day-off" and have a match in hand over several clubs above them.

Defences have so far taken what honours are due in the campaign to date with goals much in short supply—the average scoring rate is only 1.3 per club per match. If this situation continues River Plate in particular should soon be moving towards the top. Where lesser attacks fail against strong defences, surely from their galaxy of forward talent (Artime, Pagani, Pando, Delem and Onega for instance) they can produce a line to score goals—and it is goals that win matches!

Appearances

	v. Uruguay	v. Mexico	v. Zaragoza
Roma	G	G	G
Navarro	RB	RB	
Mariotti	LB		
Vidal		LB	
Romas Delgado			RB
Marzolini			LB
Simeone	RH		
Rattin	CH	CH	CH
Cap	LH	LH	CH (sub)
Sainz		RH	RH
Paez	CH (sub)		LH
Corbatta	OR	OR	
Abeledo	IR	IR	CF (sub)
Rossi	IR (sub)		
Gonzalez (FCO)		IR (sub)	
Suarez	CF		CF
Calla	CF (sub)		
Artime		CF	
Pagani		CF (sub)	
Sosa	IL		
Rodriguez	IL (sub)		IL
Belen	OL	OL	IL (sub)
Facundo		OR (sub)	OR
Sanfillipo		IL	
Pando			IR
Gonzalez (Boca)			OL

Salamanca (left) of the Chilean club O'Higgins blocks a shot from an opponent while his goalkeeper Zazalli (right) watches keenly. This picture was taken in a pre-World Cup training match between the Chilean club and Argentina's "B" team. The latter won 2-0. (Planet 1.)

Cabas Theodoridis a native Greek goalkeeper shows his prowess in this clearance taken during a match in his own country. (Metelmann 1.)

GREEKS HAVE THEIR POINTS SYSTEM, TOO

ROGER MACDONALD reveals the facts

"THE Glory that was Greece" never encompassed Hellenic football in early years, and its origins are shrouded in mystery. The game first took hold in the last decade of the nineteenth century through the efforts of British commercial firms, engineers and sailors, who encouraged the youth of the big cities to play in their spare time. Soon student clubs were flourishing in Athens and Salonica, and as early as 1896 a team of young Greeks went over to Izmir in Turkey to play a British Residents XI.

The popularisation of football in the Balkan states brought a number of inter-city games around the turn of the century, with Athens meeting teams from Bucharest and Tirana. It was not until 1906, however, that Greece gained her first experience of the fast West European game—in the shape of the Danish International side, the only proper foreign competitor in the tournament at the Athens Intermediate Olympiad. The Greeks fielded three teams in opposition, one each from Athens, Salonica and Smyrna, the last being strongly reinforced by European competitors from other events!

The draw saw the International XI matched with the Danes, who won 5-1 after a shaky first half. In the other tie Athens disposed of Salonica by four goals (and one disputed) to nil; the game ended in a near-riot. The local population and the military police turned out in force to watch the Final, which Denmark won 9-0 with ridiculous ease. As events were to show, this was Greece's first and last participation in pre-war international competitions, and the Balkan troubles of 1912-14 soon rendered organised soccer completely impossible.

National eleven

Greece still did not boast of a football association as such when the 1920 Olympic Games took place at Antwerp, but the first National Eleven accompanied other Greek athletes to Belgium. Their journey was scarcely necessary, for Sweden beat them by another 9-0 score in the First Round of the Soccer Tournament, and the athletes had little success either. For six years the Greek footballers sulked at home, until a group of progressive officials finally organised a Football Association at Athens which the other cities were prepared to support. It was inaugurated as *Ellinki Podosferiki Omospondia* on November 14, and affiliated to F.I.F.A. seven months later. After some argument, the national colours were settled at white shirts with blue shorts and socks, crimson (!) being named as the basic alternative.

After the end of the war with Turkey, Greece became a stable political régime, and foreign coaches were among the many European experts who helped to develop the country. One of them was W. G. Baggette, of England, who managed to convert the Greeks to disciplined training and modern tactics for a while, with a consequent improvement in combination play.

The effect was evident in the National Eleven's immediate matches with Yugoslavia and Rumania—both of whom were held in Athens—and in the Qualifying Tournament of the 1934 World Cup. Greece was required to play the hosts, Italy (who, strangely enough, did not receive the now customary bye) at Milan—possibly the severest test in their history. The storybook ending did not come to pass, but the 4-0 defeat reflected none of the brilliant moves of the Greek forwards, who gave the superbly-fit Italian full-backs, Monzeglio and Allemandi, a hard game indeed. If Italy had persisted in her veteran pair, Rosetta and Caligaris, the score might have been uncomfortably close; she was, after all, playing the rank outsiders.

Magyar massacre

Just how rank they were without the experience of foreign coaches behind them was shown four years later, when Greece had to eliminate Palestine for the right to play Hungary in the World Cup Preliminary Rounds. They achieved this "feat" with great difficulty, a raw Jewish eleven countering their lethargic moves by strict adherence to the instructions of British Army officers. The Greeks won 3-1 in Jerusalem and 1-0 at Athens, but their subsequent humiliation of eleven goals to one at the hands of the Magyars was an accurate reflection on the difference in the abilities of the two sides. "Greece has learnt much, but she has forgotten much more," said a foreign reporter in 1939.

The Greeks recovered very slowly from the ravages of war, and their first internationals—in the Friendship Tournament of 1949—resulted in successive defeats by Turkey, Italy "B", and even Egypt. With the Balkan Cup strangled by the Communist hand, regular matches with Albania, Rumania and Bulgaria were impossible—the last-mentioned had won seven and drawn one of ten popular pre-war encounters—and Greece had to look further afield for international opposition.

She found it in the amateur teams of the Near East, and followed a victory in the 1951 Mediterranean Games at Alexandria with a promising performance in the East Mediterranean Cup (1950-53), when second place was obtained by a meritorious draw with the Italian "B" eleven. A narrow defeat (2-1) by Denmark in the Helsinki Olympiad put the Greeks among the strongest amateur sides in Europe; this was amply demonstrated when international matches against Yugoslavia were resumed as World Cup ties (1954), the Slavs struggling really hard to win both games by a goal to nil. The third team in their group, Israel, were defeated both at Athens and Tel Aviv—a most satisfactory double in view of their excellent record at home. In the second Mediterranean Cup (1953-57) Greece managed four creditable draws against strong teams from Spain, France and Italy, but the Suez Canal troubles

Absence of regular internationals retards progress

caused the competition to be abandoned.

Meanwhile the introduction of player subsidies and the development of stadia was having its effect on club football, which previously ploughed steadily through a long season of zonal leagues and eliminating competitions. The result was a sharp rise in the standard of Panthenaikos, A.E.K. and neighbouring Olympiakos, and some shock defeats for top foreign sides in friendly matches. The ultimate triumph came last year when Olympiakos, the Cup-Winners, defeated Santos 2-1—it was the Sao Paulans' only reverse on their entire European tour—when even a ten-foot barrier could not keep the crowd off the pitch, or Brazilian centre-forward Coutinho on after a bad foul.

National basis

The reorganisation of the League on a sixteen-club national basis in 1960 brought another victory for Panthenaikos, who have seven full international players, and a British manager in Harry Game. Olympiakos put up a great fight before losing 1-0 to the eventual Champions in one of the final matches; their consolation as Cup-Winners was two lucrative games (both defeats) against Dynamo Zilina of Bulgaria in the second European Cup-Winners' trophy.

A.E.K. (Athens) proved a disappointment in the Balkans Cup for League runners-up, losing a vital home match 4-2 to Red Star Bratislava, but European Cup results have been far more favourable. In 1959-60 Olympiakos held Milan to a 2-2 draw in Piraus and fought desperately hard before losing the second leg 3-1; in 1960-61 Panthenaikos conceded only one goal to Spartak Kralove in two matches and did everything but score themselves; and last season Juventus were very lucky to concede only Papaemanuel's goal for the Greek Champions in the National Stadium at Athens. Their 1-1 draw and narrow 2-1 home victory, watched by an aggregate of 90,000 spectators, were a fair indication of the rise of Greek club football.

Took a turn

But while the Hellenic clubs were moving towards the top grade of Europe, the international team took a turn for the worse. The hard, bumpy, almost bare pitches of Athens put visiting teams at a disadvantage, but Greece was even more severely handicapped away from home. Consequently when Yugoslavia visited the capital in the 1958 World Cup Qualifying Tournament she could only draw no score; the away tie, however, resulted in an easy 4-1 win at Belgrade. Rumania, Greece's other opponents, won a scrappy game in the peninsula by playing what can only be described as kick-and-rush football—and the home match was a mere formality.

During the next two years the National Eleven reached their lowest ebb in modern times (one hesitates to say all-time low!). They seemed to have an unwritten rule that the ball must not be passed to another player except in cases of dire emergency, and their dribbling tactics fell down against the established European sides. The eventual Olympic Champions passed on to Italy with 4-0 and 5-0 wins in Belgrade and Athens, while even an Israel team depleted by injuries managed to win by the odd goal in three at Tel Aviv. In December came a further blow in the shape of a 3-1 home defeat by Denmark, still far below their peak form at Rome. Meanwhile France had recorded a crushing 7-1 victory in the European Nations' Cup competition, and even her "B" team looked good enough to win the return leg until Roger Marché put through his own goal. The ultimate humiliation came almost a year later, when the Danes completed the double with a 7-2 win in Copenhagen. The outlook was grim indeed.

Leading Greek officials decided that something must be done: they expressed their disagreement with Team Manager Paul Baron's policies and advocated an emphasis on youth, determination and stamina. Sixty-year-old Baron did go so far as to arrange a match with the Young French side (drawn no score), but his own views and those of the influential Greeks could not be reconciled.

One day shortly before the World Cup match with Germany he packed his bags and left the capital with scarcely a word to his employees. Kleanthis Maropolous took over as manager at very short notice, and while it was too late to change the team against Germany (0-3), he quickly discarded established players in favour of promising youngsters from the junior teams. Theodoris—the goalkeeper whose acrobatic feats had been portrayed in five European evening newspapers—Papoulidis and Nestoridis lost their places, and the remaining World Cup ties produced a shock win over Northern Ireland at home, and two creditable displays abroad.

Young full-back

The current international team includes Kostas Vallianos in goal—the latest in a long line of brilliant goalkeepers—with the young full-back pair, Kamaras and Vassiliou forming the next line of defence. At right-half is Kostas Polychroniou, an outstanding club and National Captain, who had the rare distinction of blotting Pelé completely out of the game against Olympiakos during their recent tour.

His team-mate, twenty-four-year-old Stefanakos, holds the pivot position, while Takis Papoulidis—Panonios' sole international—has made twelve appearances at left-half. The two wingers, both fast and tricky, are Mastrakoulis and Possidon, while nineteen-year-old Domazos is the youngest player in the side at centre-forward.

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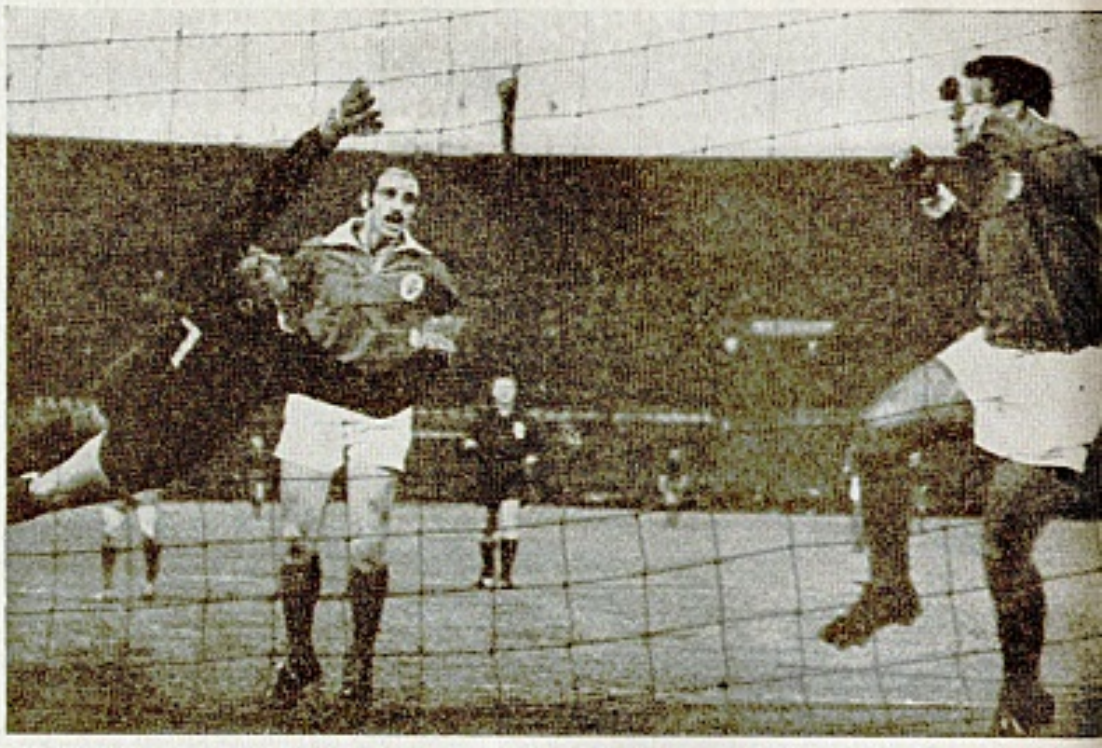
A player of the Olympiakos team makes a flying leap over a defender from the Doxa team to score a spectacular goal during a game in Athens. (Keystone 1.)

European Cup Final and a near miss for Real Madrid who were beaten by Benfica. Tejada's header hits the cross-bar. Left to right: Costa Pereira, Germano and Joao. (Metelmann 1.)



TROPHY ROUND-UP CLEARS QUERIES TO DATE

EUROPEAN CUPS by GORDON JEFFERY

IN an issue in which national elevens involved in the World Cup hold most of the stage, these pages, normally given over to consideration of national soccer histories, are focusing attention on the final stages of some of the most important of the European Inter-club competitions.

We last looked at these in some detail in the March and April issues at which time the European Champions Cup had reached the semi-final stage. The shouting and the tumult has now died for a few months on the competition with the Portuguese club, Benfica, deservedly retaining the trophy for another year.

First of the semi-final legs to be played was that between Benfica and Tottenham Hotspur before 70,000 spectators. In this Benfica exhibited something of the same mastery they had shown in their second-leg quarter-final match against the West German champions, FC Nurnberg. That match they had won by six clear goals but they found the Spurs, after a somewhat uncertain opening spell, sterner opposition. Tottenham, with Blanchflower listed at inside-left, had clearly decided to play the now familiar role of first-leg visitors in European Cup matches—that of stolid defence aimed at keeping to the minimum the margin of defeat. Whether such preoccupation is either wise or justified I rather doubt.

Certainly in this match the plan was disturbed if not entirely destroyed by Benfica's storming opening spell that brought them a first goal after five minutes (when 'keeper Brown could not hold a shot from Cavem, and Aguas was at hand to push the ball into the net) and a second a quarter of an hour later (when harassed defenders were again unable to clear their lines and, after a skirmish, Augusto scored).

In the second half Tottenham, with Cliff Jones generally mastering Joao and causing trouble to the Benfica defence, came more effectively into the picture and reduced the margin to a single goal when Smith headed home a cross from Blanchflower. Stern endeavour took the place of skill for the rest of the match as both sides fought for another goal. When it came, twenty-five minutes from the end, it was in Benfica's favour—Augusto heading the ball brilliantly into the net from Simeos' centre. And what, in retrospect, an important goal that was!

Had the margin between the two teams been but one and not two goals when they played the second leg at White Hart Lane it seems far more likely than not that the English club would have triumphed overall. As it was the two-goal margin, increased to three by Aguas after a quarter of an hour's play in the second leg, conditioned Tottenham to the idea of a desperate struggle, a fight to reduce the arrears. The harder they fought, the more Mackay surged forward, the longer they made their hopeful boots down the middle—the more the blood stirred in the crowd, but the less the chance of ultimate, overall victory prevailed. Two years ago Benfica would probably have wilted and gone under by more than the single goal but their players are becoming seasoned and mature in the ways of top-level competitive football.

EUROPEAN FINAL

Nevertheless the narrow margin of their aggregate victory (four goals to three) suggested that the Portuguese club might be hard-pressed to retain the Cup against the old masters of Madrid. Real had made light work of their semi-final matches against the Belgium club Standard of Liege who, after trailing by four clear goals in the first leg played in Madrid a day after the first Benfica-Tottenham match, seemed never to believe they were in with a chance in the second.

They were probably right although Benfica showed in the Final that it is possible to come from behind and win even against Real Madrid—but Standard are not as Benfica.

In its final result the match at Amsterdam went much as many of us had thought with the high quality of the younger Benfica forwards overcoming and ultimately controlling the Real Madrid defence. But the progress to the final whistle was less according to plan. Two early goals from Puskas might so easily have been enough to discourage a Benfica side who had seemed to be getting on top or to have forced them to abandon their carefully built-up movements in favour of the more direct, if less frequent, thrusts of Real.

As it was, Aguas tapping home the rebound of a fiercely taken Eusebio free-kick and Cavem with a tremendous shot brought the scores level—only for Puskas again to score to give Real an interval lead.

But this was Real's last fling. Coluna with a great shot soon equalised and then Eusebio twice scored, first from the penalty spot and then with a free-kick, to put Benfica firmly on top such that they were able to play the last quarter of an hour more or less exactly as they pleased, dictating play like worthy champions.

Eusebio captured the fancy of the fans but the connoisseurs were, on the day, more impressed I fancy by the darting, probing, creative play of Coluna and by the versatile Cavem—last year's outside-left, this year's right-half (and right-back when required!) Real can plead that ill-fortune robbed them of the full services of right-back Casado—a limping passenger on the wing for much of the match but it was not ill-fortune that accounted for Araquistan's shakiness in goal or the poor showing of Gento. Nor, once they had gained their two-goal lead and Germano was looking uncertain against Puskas, did it seem necessary for Real to continue with Di Stefano lying very deep indeed. Then, whilst the ball was running in their favour, seemed the time to press home their advantage. In the second half Germano was more confident—or perhaps Puskas's legs were feeling the pace?

For the great Hungarian it must have been a time of tragedy to equal that sad afternoon when West Germany plucked from Hungary the World Cup in 1954. Then Puskas shared the disappointment of feeling their numerous great Hungarian victories set to naught by a single defeat. Now he scored a first-half hat-trick in a European Champions Cup Final—and still ended on the losing side!

EUROPEAN CUP – QUARTER-FINALS TO FINAL ROUND

QUARTER-FINALS

F.C. Nurnberg (Flachenecker 2, Strehl)	3	BENFICA (Cavem)	1	45,000
Benfica (Augusto 3, Eusebio 2, Coluna)	6	F.C. Nurnberg	0	70,000
Dukla Prague (Kucera)	1	TOTTENHAM	0	38,000
Tottenham H. (Smith 2, Mackay 2)	4	Dukla Prague (Jelinek)	1	65,000
STANDARD (Liege) (Claessens, Crossan 2, Paeschen)	4	Glasgow Rangers (Wilson)	1	40,000
Glasgow Rangers (Brand, Caldow)	2	Standard	0	75,000
Juventus	0	REAL MADRID (Di Stefano)	1	66,000
Real Madrid	0	Juventus (Sivori)	1	100,000
Real Madrid (Felo, Del Sol, Tejada)	3	Juventus (Sivori)	1	36,000

(Deciding match played in Paris)

SEMI-FINALS

BENFICA (Aguas, Augusto 2)	3	Tottenham (Smith)	1	70,000
Tottenham (Smith, Blanchflower)	2	Benfica (Aguas)	1	64,000
REAL (Di Stefano, Tejada 2, Cassado)	4	Standard	0	70,000
Standard	0	Real (Puskas, Del Sol)	2	37,000

FINAL

May 2nd.
65,000 spectators.
Olympic Stadium, Amsterdam.

BENFICA 5
Real Madrid 3

Benfica: Costa Pereira; Joao, Angelo; Cavem, Germano, Cruz; Augusto, Eusebio, Aguas, Coluna, Simeos.

Real Madrid: Araquistain; Casado, Miera; Felo, Santamaria, Pachin; Tejada, Del Sol, Di Stefano, Puskas, Gento.

Scorers: Aguas, Cavem, Coluna and Eusebio 2 for Benfica; Puskas 3 for Real Madrid.

THE CUP-WINNERS CUP

By my expectations the winners of the "minor" European Cup competition should have been known before I put this article to bed—but the unsatisfactory one-all draw at Hampden Park between Atletico Madrid and Fiorentina leaves the issue unresolved at the time of writing. The two clubs concerned are less worried. They had perhaps expected a crowd approaching the hundred thousand mark to watch the Final as Real and Eintracht Frankfurt had drawn to Hampden for their European Cup Final. Instead bad weather and the continuing lack of enthusiasm for the competition brought in only around thirty thousand spectators—and a second match will help swell the coffers of Atletico and Fiorentina.

Main interest in the final seems to be whether the Italian club are able to win it for the third season in succession and, as I have mentioned before, continue their monopoly of it; and, whether, in consequence, Atletico like Real will have to accept the role of runners-up. Even if they do Spain will be certain of one European club trophy this year as we shall see when looking at the Inter-Cities Fairs Competition. And, of course, if Fiorentina do retain the Cup they will have stern competition next year in the shape of a Tottenham blooded in the ways of such competitions and of Bangor, enthusiastic winners of the Welsh Cup!

Neither of the two finalists had completed their quarter-final ties when this competition was last reviewed. For the record, Fiorentina, trailing 2-3 to Dynamo Zilina after the first leg, came through with a two-nil home win whilst Atletico Madrid consolidated their one-all away draw with a 3-1 win in Madrid. The semi-final draw then brought Fiorentina and Hungary's Ujpesti Dozsa, and Atletico Madrid and the East German club Motor Jena into opposition.

Visa troubles prevented the East German players from entering Spain but Atletico in a second-leg match at Malmo scored a convincing 4-0 victory to add to the one-nil margin they had gained in the first leg. Fiorentina also got through their two matches against Ujpesti Dozsa without conceding a goal but the second leg was a close affair with inside-right Bartu scoring the only goal of the match in the tenth minute of the second half.

Fiorentina had earlier won two-nil at home. For their trainer-coach the trip to Budapest was something of a homecoming, of course—he is Hidegkuti, centre-forward of the great Hungarian team.

INTER-CITIES FAIRS CUP

The expectations three months ago were that Spain would provide three out of the four semi-finalists in the Fairs Cup but Espanol, after leading 2-1 at home, crashed 5-0 to Red Star in Belgrade. The other two went merrily on their way, however—Valencia holding the two-goal advantage they had gained at home by drawing 3-3 in Milan against Inter; and the "competition-specialists" Barcelona pulling back their one-goal away deficit by beating Sheffield Wednesday 2-0 in Spain. Fourth semi-finalist was M.T.K. of Hungary.

In the semi-finals it was the turn of Barcelona to seek to avenge Espanol in Belgrade. They succeeded by two goals to nil but both goals, scored by Zaldua and Pedera, came in the last eight minutes. At home, however, in Barcelona it was roses, roses all the way and the Spaniards were worthy winners—4-1. Their fellow-countrymen had the home advantage for their first leg against MTK and

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Kurt Hamrin the flying Swede of Fiorentina scores for his team against Atletico Madrid in the final of the Cup of the Cup Winners. The teams drew 1-1 and replay in Frankfurt in September. (Planet 1.)

Besiktas becoming a household name

This Turkish club has built itself the reputation of being first says

DAVID LEMMON

IF anyone says "Spain" to you, of what football team do you think?—Real Madrid, I'll wager. Yugoslavia?—Red Star, Belgrade. Russia?—Moscow Dynamo. England?—perhaps even after a decade in the shadows the name "Arsenal" comes most readily to European minds.

It is as if these names have become synonymous with their countries, and the part has come to represent the whole. Turkish football, in spite of some excellent performances on the international field, has not yet the universal recognition it deserves but there is one team, Besiktas, whose name is becoming a household word in the football countries of the world.

Besiktas have achieved their fame and popularity by being first—first to represent Turkey in the European Cup, first Turkish team to play in the New York tournament, and the first team to win the Turkish Professional League. And yet, surprisingly, Besiktas were not formed until 1924, though, perhaps not so surprisingly, they were league champions of the newly initiated Istanbul League in the first year of their existence.

SUCCESS

As amateurs they won this league eleven times in twenty-seven seasons (a record, Fenerbahce with eight championships were next) and when Turkey went professional in 1952, Besiktas won twelve and drew two of their fourteen league matches to win the championship from Galatasaray and Fenerbahce by seven clear points.

There followed years of consistency (they lost only six times in four years), finishing second in 1953, winning the championship again in 1954, and second and third in 1955 and 1956. But in 1957 they slumped to a lowest ever fifth, and 1958 and 1959 were little better. Everyone in Turkey was amazed at the Besiktas decline, and it was predicted that Besiktas's reign as the greatest team in Turkey was over for good. There were rumours that disgruntled fans in Istanbul had burned a Besiktas flag, and 1959 saw a great clear out in their ranks.

REPUTEDLY

Thirty-one-year-old Ali Ihsan, twelve times Turkey's centre-half, and thirty-year-old skipper Recep, inside-forward, eight times an international and reputedly possessor of the hardest shot in Turkey, moved on to lesser clubs, and the 1960 season began with new and almost unknown faces in the Besiktas line-up. They were mainly youngsters who were to face their stiffest ever test in an ambitious thirty-eight match National League programme.

In goal was Necmi who, if he can maintain the promise of his youth, will be one of the world's great goalkeepers. He was beaten only a dozen times in thirty-five league matches. Tuncay displaced the international, Mustafa, at right-half and immediately established himself as the most cultured wing-half in Turkey. On the left he was complemented by the no less successful Kaya. The experienced Nazmi generalled the forwards but it was the new names of Senol and Birol that excited the crowds and brought forth the chants of "Senol—Birol—Gol!" all over the country. Their efforts were rewarded when they were chosen as Turkey's left-wing pair against Scotland. (Senol scored one of his country's four goals.)

Besiktas ended the season as champions, five points ahead of Fenerbahce. They had lost only two of their thirty-eight matches (one of these a "coupon" busting defeat by Izmir Spor) and they had scored sixty-eight goals and conceded only fifteen, a goals-against record which is likely to stand for a long time.

This sensational form could not be maintained but Besiktas remain the leading team in Turkey. On the international scene Besiktas's most memorable performance was their great showing against Real Madrid in the European Cup in 1959. Beaten 2-0 in Spain they were unlucky not to win the second leg in Istanbul which ended in a 1-1 draw. Puskas found B. Ahmet, seventeen times a Turkish international at both full-back and half-back, too much for him that day.

Tradition dies hard and Besiktas keep to the forefront in world soccer with ever changing ideas and a consistent willingness to give a chance to any player who is considered good enough. There is no such thing as an automatic choice with Besiktas—you are playing for your place all the time, and there is a wealth of reserve and youth talent waiting in the wings. In a certain district of Istanbul they are proud of the fact that, nowadays, when one speaks of Turkish soccer one thinks of Besiktas.

OPPORTUNITY

Probably more than any other medium, the European Cup has afforded not only Besiktas but other Turkish clubs with the same opportunity, the experience of being able to set themselves before the critical eye of the soccer public of the European sphere.

In such manner, the progress of Besiktas as a force to be reckoned with is certain to be linked with the success in the European Cup and other similar competitions which are tied up with such geographical adventures.

There is little doubt that the world will be hearing more of Besiktas in the days that lie ahead of soccer's achievements.

Three members of the Turkish Under-23 team (left to right): Ogun, Aydin and Yilmaz in a training spell. (Planet 1.)

Liron (left) of St. Etienne and Collot (right) of Nancy in a "ballet" sequence from the French Cup Final at Colombes which the former side won by one goal to nil. Jerry Weinstein reports. (Planet 1.)

ST. ETIENNE & REIMS SNATCH THE GLORY!

PARIS NEWSLETTER

by

JERRY WEINSTEIN

THE end of the 1961-62 season in France was no time for the faint-hearted: for three weeks of unnerving suspense the football world has waited to see which club would be Champions: Nimes, the leaders for more than half the season; Racing a point behind with the best goal average in the country and, level with the Paris club, Reims. This was the situation at the end of April and since we have all suffered agonies of uncertainty through the month of May I shall inflict on readers a little of the tension by recording other things first.

The beginning of May saw France lose her final international of the season 1-3 to Italy at Florence. Thus ended one of the most disastrous seasons for French football that anyone can remember. The national side won only once, against Finland, surely just about the weakest side in Europe; they drew with Spain and lost five times—twice to Bulgaria (once in the World Cup play-off eliminator), and to Poland, Belgium and Italy. In these seven matches no less than twenty-two forwards managed to score but eight goals, five against Finland. The "B" side drew two matches out of two (against Belgium and Italy) whilst the Junior (Under-23) side drew with Holland and lost to Germany. Add to this the elimination of the French Army from the International Military Tournament and the fact that the Youth side finished bottom of its pool in the Easter competition in Rumania and there is not much left; except that Monaco were knocked out of the European Champions Cup, and Sedan from the European Cup Winners' Cup, both in the First Round. You will appreciate why the French are now sorry that they don't play cricket and can look forward to a change of atmosphere for the summer!

The mediocrity of the French performance this year has been distressing but perhaps in the end it will prove a blessing in disguise, for nothing less than continuously poor performances would have served as the great awakener. The low level on the international plane has been to a large extent reflected on the national scene. Hence it was no surprise that for the Cup Final at Colombes a mere 30,000 spectators bothered to turn up.

The result (a 1-0 victory for St. Etienne over Nancy) if it satisfied those who dared, as I did, to prognosticate the victory some long time ago had its curious twist. St. Etienne had not only dismissed their team manager, the excellent Henri Guérin, three-quarters of the way through his first season with the club, but were already condemned to relegation. And this, despite the fact that the team has at least half a dozen of the best or most promising footballers in France: Rene Domingo, the Captain and left-half; Claude Abbes, goalkeeper of France's great 1958 World Cup side; Roby Herbin, the French Hanappi (who may well be seen in the colours of Racing Club next season); Ferrier at inside-left; Richard Tylinski at centre-half and Roland Guillas at inside-right, who some think has the natural ability of Raymond Kopa.

Nancy, a sound average club, had performed well in the League this season (they finished fourth) but suffered the misfortune of injuries to their brilliant outside-right Viaene and also to Adamczyk, during the second half of the Final. Not that St. Etienne won against nine fit men; the Stephanois—as they are called—on balance, called the tune throughout and always looked the more likely to score of two unlikely teams. After a delayed start there was much enthusiasm, though far less skill.

This was the second final to be witnessed by General De Gaulle since he returned to take control of the State in 1958. Fearing, as always, an attempt at assassination, police lined the ten miles of road from the President's Palace at the Elysée in the heart of Paris out to Colombes Stadium only for the General to arrive (ten minutes late and with both teams frozen stiff in the wintry afternoon) by helicopter in a field adjoining the ground. This was perhaps the most dramatic event of the afternoon except for the only goal of the match scored by Jean-Claude Baulu, St. Etienne's right-winger and a local boy from Colombes.

A week later came the dramatic last matches of the season. In the days before the France v. Italy game three weeks before, Nimes, leaders for half the season, were thrashed 8-3 by Angers, not normally known for their goal-scoring feats, and Racing were beaten 6-2 by Reims in a fantastically exciting and stylish game—a goal margin which was to cost the Paris club dear. There followed a sudden last-minute falter by Reims who lost to Sochaux, one of the bottom clubs and long since doomed to relegation, and so everything depended on the last game.

Figures and alternatives left one dizzy. Nimes had forty-seven points and Racing and Reims had forty-six but Racing had the best goal-average and Reims the second best. Thus if Nimes drew 3-3 and Reims won 4-2 and Racing won 5-4 . . . and so it went on all week. On the day of judgment almost every spectator at the three important matches came armed with a transistor for the radio stations had all promised to keep the three games constantly linked. At Paris, Nimes met Stade Français, not only anxious to do their fellow Parisians Racing a good turn but also keen to gain support for a strong effort next

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Is a 'World Cup' for clubs practical for current soccer needs, and . . .

WHICH WAY WILL THE GAME GROW NOW?

WITH the VIIth European Cup behind us we have yet another set of figures to peruse, and yet another chance to determine in which direction the future of the game lies. By the game I mean the big-game, the super spectacle that dominates the sporting pages of the world's press, and not the game as played by the small boys on waste land from the Yukon to Zanzibar (writes ERIC BATTY).

The young boys will look after their own interests to a great extent and though many of them will be tempted by the progress of civilisation to devote their time to other pursuits that's another problem entirely. By and large they'll always kick a ball around and as ever the best of them will reach the highest class.

Here, however, I am concerned solely with what we might call the top class game and the progress currently being made. Football like everything else in nature cannot stand still. We must go forward, constantly looking for ways to improve every facet of the game from producing more and more talented youngsters to pulling in bigger and bigger crowds into more and more luxuriously appointed comfortable stadiums.

The wider the view we take of the present situation the greater and more numerous become the snags we meet. Stadia alone is a vast and expensive problem; TV is another and perhaps even greater threat than the reluctance met in many places to rebuild their grounds and replan the training systems! So for the purposes of this article I propose to concentrate on gate receipts in the top class game and try to find a pattern that will lead us to the next step in the development of soccer—the World game.

The European Cup figures for last season serve to emphasise once more just what a superb idea this competition turned out to be. Though there are many other international tournaments none compares in size or scope with the Coupe des Clubs Champions Europeens, and without doubt the public have endorsed this view!

The grand total for the VIIth series was a record 2,416,000 comparing with 912,000 in the first series back in 1955-56! Of course there are more entrants now than there were seven years ago and naturally more matches but the average attendance last season for all the fifty-five encounters was 43,000.

This in spite of quite a few very poor figures for matches in sparsely populated countries. In this category Finland's 2,400 for the Valkeakosken Haka - Standard Liege game was the poorest though the smallest attendance was recorded for the Glasgow Rangers-Vorwarts Berlin match staged in Malmo, Sweden, and after being abandoned through fog played the following morning! There the gate was only 1,780.

Other comparatively poor figures—though excellent by local standards—were: 4,000 Spora Luxembourg v. Odense 1913; 5,431 IFK Goteborg v. Feijenoord, and 8,000 for Hibernians (Malta) v. Servette.

At the other end of the scale are some really impressive figures including two 100,000 home gates for clubs knocked out in the first round—Vasas, Budapest and Gornik Zabrze! Top of the poll were Real Madrid whom 665,000 people paid to see play their ten matches—an average home attendance of 82,000 and an overall figure of 66,500.

Next came Tottenham Hotspur with a total pull of 519,000 and an average of 64,875, and Benfica who played one game less than Spurs with a gross 452,000 and an overall figure of 65,350.

On the basis of these figures alone it is clear that any further movement from within the game must be towards bigger and better international competitions—the problem to be decided is what form the expansion should take and how soon it can be effected. Another decisive factor which must be considered is the natural reluctance, to be met everywhere in the game to suggest the first big step away from purely national competitions. This reluctance which is certainly understandable stems from the realisation that ultimately the emphasis will be placed firmly on the international tournaments and that only two or three clubs at the very most can hope for a place from each country. For the rest—even the present top line clubs, the international era will certainly mean second class football.

Suggested

It has been suggested that a first step could be to extend and expand the European Cup, perhaps by taking in the Cup winners Cup which has so far failed to establish itself as a money spinner. This would give every country two representatives, but perhaps the bigger step would be that which goes hand in hand with this idea—to widen the scope, re-name it the World Clubs Championship and establish regional tournaments in Africa, North, South and Central America and Asia!

The administration for this already exists for F.I.F.A. has delegated full authority to regional bodies in the areas suggested to organise and improve the game and prevent the F.I.F.A. offices from being inundated with correspondence and paperwork.

In South America they have already established a competition similar to the European Cup and though F.I.F.A. has still to give the play off its official blessing there have been two World Finals between the respective champions of Europe and South America.

It could be done certainly, but after the initial excitement at such a prospect has

Pre-match communications between an Italian representative team and the local Brasov club of Rumania on the latter's ground. The match ended in a 1-1 draw. Such matches are becoming prevalent and sustaining interest in the game. (Planet 1.)

West Germany's World Cup man Schnellinger does not appear to know where he is going. Eric Batty suggests in this article that the game itself is not sure. (Metelmann I.)

worn off, the snags begin to present themselves. The first essential must surely be that the series has a good chance of being a financial success. Start such a series, and let the contestants find that it doesn't pay, and there'll be no end of resistance towards the competition, and this is more than likely to happen in areas outside Europe and South America!

In the U.S.A. and Canada, for example, attendances are still very poor and for this reason the players remain virtually amateur, the competitions regional. Travelling the great distances involved in such a huge continent prohibits even a full national league in both countries and any hope that an international tournament would improve gate receipts is a forlorn one. The New York Summer League has proved this at least to my satisfaction.

The Central Americans are just a little better off, partly because the travelling which would be entailed is not so great and partly because the Latin peoples are basically more interested in *Futbol*. Even here, however, only one club could be sure of making a profit—the winners—and even they may not if they were ultimately drawn against a comparatively unattractive North American group winner!

In Africa and Asia the same situation exists. The game is gaining ground, becoming more and more firmly established every year, and while the Africans are probably better equipped for the kind of competition suggested even they are not ready yet. Many players from the African countries have begun to find their way into the European game. Ben Barek, Firoud, Louis, Mekloufi in France, Coluna, Arguas, Santana, Eusebio and many more in Portugal have all showed themselves to be outstanding players, and in the international arena, Morocco, Ghana, and Egypt have begun to make their presence felt. Even so there are not enough players of this stature. They are not yet ready.

Looking at the question logically it becomes apparent that a continental competition cannot come into being before the various national leagues are functioning successfully. In Ghana, for example, the game is tremendously popular, and attendances at representative matches are generally excellent. 20,000 or 30,000 can be expected for a big match—but at club level it's a very different proposition!

Essentials

To come right down to basic essentials—would the European Cup have been a success back in 1893? At that time the game was barely established anywhere outside the British Isles, and certainly not on a profit making basis. This is the stage that African and Asian football has now reached, and they are not yet ready for anything more.

For the moment then it seems clear that the World Clubs Cup is going to remain a two horse race, even if it receives the blessing of F.I.F.A., and any further expansion is out of the question. Perhaps in ten years the Africans may be ready though even this may be a trifle optimistic.

Without immediate support from other continents of the world, Europe is left more or less alone to solve her own problems. The official view of U.E.F.A. (and F.I.F.A.) is that the time is not yet ripe for further development but in many quarters the atmosphere is becoming restive.

Many big clubs have spent a fortune on developing their stadia, even building new ultra modern grounds. With a heavy professional player bill to meet each month and enormous administrative staffs to allow for they must have huge incomes if the present level is to be maintained.

They can see the writing on the wall. From personal experience they know in England, in Spain, in Scotland, in France, in Belgium in Germany, in Russia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Turkey that the public will always support football but the super stadium demands super football if it is to be filled regularly. In their own national championships this can be expected two or perhaps three times a season, but seldom more!

Developments

From the public point of view they have seen football develop through the silent days to all action talkies. We've seen colour added and the screen get bigger, and now and again we've been shown a glimpse of Futurama. The public wants it, the big clubs want it and if the official bodies don't get together soon and present their own plans, there's a good chance the far sighted teams will take the necessary steps themselves.

Eight years ago in Holland a few big clubs wanted professionalism but the great weight of the K.N.V.B. was against it, largely because they knew they couldn't afford it and when it came they would be back numbers. Finally the clubs with vision broke away, formed their own F.A. and instituted professionalism and within a few months peace was restored with a clear understanding that the game was to be professionalised by stages in order to help development. A group of clubs with determination could force the issue and if attendances at league matches continue to be only fair as they are in many countries the public is likely to get what it wants—with or without official approval.

One comment I heard recently from an official of a club who must remain nameless shows the mood of the day—"If officialdom want to look after the interests of the small clubs, let them. Meanwhile we reserve the right to look after ourselves!"

The development of the game at its upper crust, of course, is all-important. If the prestige of the leading clubs is to be enhanced to any extent moves must be taken with boldness and determination; otherwise no progress will be forthcoming.

The big boys have in many cases come to the conclusion that unless they preserve their own interests there will be little left to work for. Unless they do make positive moves to step up the whole tempo of progress and the character and quality of the game the future cannot be too bright.

Thus, although it is far from being the ideal state of affairs it is better for those clubs whose clear vision is likely to shape the future of the country's soccer to get on with it in face of short-sighted opposition.

Officialdom must be shown the way!

LITTLE PROGRESS IN PERU

This month WORLD SOCCER brings news of one of the South American countries who have not been directly concerned with the events in Chile towards the world championship matches. In Peru the game has not developed as it has in other countries in this continent.

ROGER MACDONALD tells the story of this soccer outpost

IT is difficult to imagine that football is played in Peru: there seems scarcely room for a human habitation, let alone a football ground, amidst its mountains and forests, deserts and plateaux. But delicately poised between the bottomless Pacific and the Andes range stretching to the sky is the city of Lima, and in its midst the superb National Stadium—an imposing symbol of Peru's passion for a game which has spread to the remotest corners of the earth.

In 1821, when a British fleet conveyed Peruvian rebels from Chile to wrest their native land from its Spanish overlords, soccer was unknown in South America: one hundred years later, the thriving British colony in Lima were able to mark the anniversary of Peru's independence with another gift—this time a football ground in the heart of the city. It became the nucleus of a new national sport, officially recognised within a year, attracting players and spectators in all parts of the land.

At first progress was slow. Recognition from F.I.F.A. came on May 24, 1925, and the opportunity to play hosts in the South American Championships two years later. But while Bolivia, another young nation, were narrowly defeated, Peru were no match for Argentina or Uruguay.

Rumania beat Peru

Last place at Buenos Aires in 1929 suggested further failures in the pioneer World Cup, held at Montevideo the following year. Sure enough, Rumania beat Peru 3-1 in the first game, but then came a splendid performance against Uruguay—a defeat by only one goal. Captain and left-back Maquilon and goalkeeper Pardon were superb, and the 70,000 Uruguayans in the new Centenary Stadium became incensed at the failure of their erstwhile favourites. Souza, the scorer against Rumania, almost put Peru ahead; the Uruguayans rallied, Pardon saving two fierce shots at point-blank range; and then, at long last, Castro scored the all-important goal. Uruguay went on to win the Cup, and Peru were left with their dreams of what might have been.

Third once again to Uruguay and Argentina at Lima in 1935, Peru took the boat to Europe in the following year without much hope of success in the Berlin Olympiad. But the re-imposition of proper amateur restrictions deprived most European countries of their top players, and Peru's amateurs got off to a good start with a 7-3 victory over Finland. They did even better in the next match, leading much-fancied Austria by four goals to two with ten minutes left to play.

Victory seemed certain; but nothing is certain in football. At this point an Austrian player left the field for attention and reappeared a few minutes later in spotless kit. The Peruvians assumed—with what justification, I do not know—that he was not the same player; two goal lead or not, such a move required immediate retaliation! They promptly staged their own version of the substitution trick by calling on a new forward while "forgetting" to send anyone off. The referee, who was good at mathematics, quickly stopped the game; there was a fierce argument between players and officials; and, without warning, the crowd invaded the pitch.

Juan Seminario the Peruvian outside-left who has played in Portugal and who now plays for Zaragoza the Spanish club. (Santos.)

In a minute there was pandemonium. Dr. Bauwens, the celebrated German referee, knocked down one spectator about to strike an Austrian player and instigated his arrest; but he was too late to prevent another from kicking the same Austrian on the knee, and an angry scene developed. The referee—surrounded by a protective wall of helmeted policemen—abandoned the game and retired to the comparative safety of the dressing-room.

The Appeals Committee ordered the match to be replayed behind locked doors to avoid a recurrence of disorder, and when Peru did not appear, awarded Austria a walk-over. The outraged Peruvian F.A. recalled its players by telegram, came close to declaring war on Germany, its referees and the would-be peacemaker, Dr. Goebbels, while every window was broken in the German consulate at Lima. Austria rubbed salt into the wound by reaching the Olympic Final.

The strength of Peru's team was shown by her victories in the Bolivian Games of 1938 and the shortened South American Championship in the following year, but it was not until the 1950s that she was able to hold her own in intensified competition away from home. Brazil and Argentina were both given hard games in the 1952 Pan-American Tournament; Valeriano Lopez, Peru's best forward, achieved a fantastic record when he headed all five goals against Panama in the same competition; another star, Natteri, was snapped up by the Italian club, Triestina; and in successive South American Championships (1955 and 1957) Uruguay were pushed into fourth place by the up-and-coming Peru side.

Juan Seminario

The new stars were Guillermo Delgado at full-back, Joya at centre-half, and a whole host of forwards—Gomez Sanchez, Vides Mosquera, Miguel Loyaza and the superb left-winger, Juan Seminario. But the man behind their success was a Hungarian naturalised in Peru—Giury (Jorge) Orth.

Jorge Orth was Hungary's greatest-ever player bar none. Not even Georges Sarosi before the war or Ferenc Puskas after it could match his stamina, skill and versatility. He played forty-seven times for Hungary in five different positions, and turned out in eight for his club, M.T.K. He was also a skilled swordsman and had a passion for duelling; in fact there was little that Jorge could not do. His retirement from the playing-pitch merely signified the start of a new career as a coach, beginning with his old club and including Chile—their 1930 World Cup side—France, Italy, Germany, Italy again, Argentina, Portugal, Mexico, Chile again and then Colombia. In December, 1956, he took over the Peruvian national side and introduced the youngsters whose fame was soon to reach the other side of the world.

Just how good they were was shown by Peru's magnificent displays against Brazil in the World Cup Qualifying Tournament—they drew one-all at Lima and only lost by one goal to nil in Lima. A fluke, said the critics after Brazil had won the 1958 World Cup, but Peru proved it was not in the following year. In the South American Championships at Buenos Aires, their first opponents were Brazil, and they held them to a two-all draw. Moreover, it was obtained after

Willy Fleming of Peru (left) polices Bobby Charlton of England in the recent international in Lima, which England won 4-0 as part of their pre-Chile training. (Planet 1.)

Brazil had scored two quick goals, the first time they had failed to win with such a lead since anyone could remember.

Seminario scored both goals for Peru—both brilliantly taken—and then got another against Uruguay, who were well and truly whacked 5-3. Five goals to three, and this with Seminario himself off the field for almost half the game! The Argentine public were amazed, and they flocked to see Peru take on their own favourites.

Argentina 3, Peru 1. The result sounds convincing enough, but it was far from being so. The first goal came from Peru's own left-half Benitez, an unfortunate deflection, and the second caught the goalkeeper, Azca, unawares—his only lapse in the tournament. Peru fought back splendidly, but their luck was out, and two shots worthy of goals scraped the woodwork on the wrong side. Then Argentina scored again, and it was all over. But, as one of their journalists observed: "They knew they had been in a game."

The strain of playing South America's "Big Three" in successive matches began to tell on the Peruvians, and they failed to win another match—drawing with Chile and Bolivia, and losing to Paraguay. But they had the satisfaction of seeing four players, goalkeeper Azca, right-back Benitez, centre-half Joya and outside-right Sanchez chosen by journalists in an all-South American selection.

And the skill was still there, as England found during their ill-fated tour, Peru's 4-1 win fully reflecting their superiority on the day. Seminario once again did the damage with a hat-trick, while Loyaza and young Andrade also played well. It was a sad defeat for England, but Peru were worthy winners.

Even without the skill of part-time professionals like Joya and Seminario, the young Peruvian amateurs were much too good for their Uruguayan counterparts: in the Olympic Games Qualifying Competition they won 6-0 at Lima and 3-2 at Montevideo, winning a place in the Finals at Rome.

But at this point the success story ends, and Peru's progress is halted. *Her comparatively new culture of football was ravaged by the enemies of her ancient Inca culture—the Spaniards and other Latin Americans. Over twenty-five of her best players were drawn abroad by the irresistible magnet of fame and prosperity. The seemingly bottomless source of talent in fact found its bottom.*

Miguel Loyaza

Of the team that played against England, seven moved to foreign clubs for large personal guarantees. Juan Seminario signed for Barcelona, but the Spanish F.A. refused to accept his registration as CFB already had their full quota of foreigners, and he moved on to Oporto in Portugal, to be joined by Vides Mosquera. Miguel Loyaza also found too many restrictions at Barcelona, so he went to Boca Juniors and then to River Plate. Joya and Gomez Sanchez also travelled to Argentina by a more direct route. Seminario later returned to Spain with full-back Delgado, and became top League scorer in Saragossa's colours.

Almost inevitably, defeat followed in July, 1960, at the hands of Spain by three goals to one, and the amateur side lost to a poor French team in the Rome Olympics and were subsequently thrashed by Hungary. Jorge Orth tried to replace the gaps left by the exodus of the stars by recalling older players, but his luck was out.

He approached Valeriano Lopez, centre-forward of Sport Boys Lima, but the ex-international decided to return to Colombia, having already played there during the Golden Age of the previous decade with considerable success. Subsequently a star of the Buenos Aires Huracan club, his latest move brought him a personal signing-on fee of over £1,200.

Another possible choice was 31-year-old Alberto Terry, an automatic selection at inside-forward from 1953 to 1959, but he suddenly decided to relinquish his position in the Universitario de Deportes team for a post as coach to the juniors of his former club, Sporting Crystal. First Lopez and now Terry: Orth gave up his search for the stars of old.

Harsh criticism in the press, particularly from a journalist who used the pseudonym "Augusto Moreni" in the *Lima Chronicle*, brought pressure on Jorge Orth from the Peruvian F.A. to select a team agreeable to the critics in leading newspapers. Orth did as he was asked, but realising that the players were not good enough, gambled with untried youngsters in the Pacific Cup game against Chile. Luck seemed with him at half-time, when Peru led 2-1 thanks to goals by the youthful Carrasco and Flores, but Chile scored four times in the second period to win convincingly. The Hungarian's critics, fervent supporters of his experimental policy of three years before, demanded his resignation, and Orth's contract with the Peruvian F.A. was terminated "by mutual consent"—which meant far more than it said. He returned sadly to Portugal and died there a few months later, embittered by the fickle attitude of the enthusiasts at Lima. And when the journalists finally did select the team they wanted, it could only manage one point in the two vital World Cup games with Colombia. The final justification of the Hungarian genius's policy had come too late.

Such was the situation when England returned to Lima bent on revenge. The slight boost to morale given by Sporting Crystal's encouraging displays against Racing and Nacional (one win, and three defeats by the odd goal only) in the South American Cup was countered by the Peruvian Champions' obligation to travel to Thailand on tour—with several leading contenders for international places in the party. Without them, Peru lost 4-1 to the Spanish club, Saragossa—and it was Juan Seminario's shooting power that clinched the match before he was sent off. The game ended in a riot. In a second warm-up match Peru won 3-1, but Saragossa played only half their first team.

De Almeyda

Would Seminario play against England? "Yes," said the fans. "No," said new team-manager De Almeyda from Brazil: "We don't want glamour boys who have deserted their homeland for money." The F.A. thought otherwise—"without Seminario, we cannot win"—but De Almeyda was adamant, and Seminario himself settled the matter. "I want £400 to play,"

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The sands of time have run out on another soccer season . . .

REPEAT OF DISAPPOINTING FARE

EIRE ROUND-UP by Tom Muldowney

THE sands of time have run out on another Eire soccer season. A repetition of disappointing fare, dropping playing standards and departing stars, so familiar to Irish viewers in post-war years.

For club and player it was a term of contrasting fortunes. Success and failure, the inevitable lot of every footballer's life. The roar of the crowd that greets a goal or goal-line save. The agony of missed chances. The slow handclap from the task-masters on the terraces who fill the wage packet and extract their pound of flesh by freedom of expression. And most hated of all, the boo-boys. A symphony of sound in the ears of football's gladiators as they sweat in the jungle of competitive football, desperately seeking victory, defeat an unthinkable disaster, unacceptable to fanatical followers and points crazed committees.

No wonder the swan-song of sportsmanship was heard when league success became the gate-way to European cup conquest. No wonder machiavellism reared its ugly head in the see-saw struggle for power. A struggle more bitter in Council chambers than the on-field combat that masquerades as league football.

Yet, for all that, those connected with the game, director, manager, player or watcher, will soliloquise in summer on what has gone before. And dream dreams of a rosy future. New plans will be laid. New, more determined resolutions resolved. Another Everest to be climbed, the drop avoided. While only a few can succeed come August next, clubs will again assemble for the mad scramble to be one of the lucky few.

Shelbourne, almost trodden to oblivion during the closing weeks of the season, were one of Eire's lucky few. Despite their calamitous cup-final defeat they finished as champions and emerged as a football combination par excellence. With personalities, Heavy, Hannigan and Strahan, to grace the Irish scene for many years. Unless, as so often happens, the call of the cross-channel scout is heard and another seat booked on the emigrant ship.

It was fitting that Shelbourne's "find of the season" Big Ben Hannigan should score the goal that ensured the "flag" a Ringsend home for the next twelve months. This hustling Hercules brought power and punch to "reds" shot shy attack. Many scouts, Matt Busby included, had a look at Big Ben, and though impressed with his striking, made no move to lure him away. This, to the delight of "red" regulars who earlier in the year condemned the club for letting Flood and Turner move to Morton. And with the grip packed for their first sojourn in the European Cup, Shels have need of this man mountain goal grabber, and many more like him, if they hope to improve on past performances by Eire's champions against Europe's elite.

Across the city to Milltown where Shamrock Rovers ended the season in a blaze of glory, routing Shelbourne in the final, after a series of very mediocre displays. This from a side expected to sweep the board as a result of last year's close season spending spree.

Frank O'Neill was the only one of Rovers' "glamour group" to fulfil expectations. And even he took a long time to do so. However, rabid Roverites will admit it was worth waiting on. In the semi-final and final he tore the opposition to shreds. Laid on a streamlined service that made goal scoring easy for his colleagues and in fact was the real reason why the "big pot" came home after an absence of six years.

Drumcondra started the campaign like the champions they were. But after winning the Shield and Leinster Cup, sank out of sight and at the finish everyone was beating the drums.

Pity Mick Smyth, first choice in goal for Drums since Swan joined Cardiff City. He was at his best against Nurnburg in the European Cup, then the injury bug bit Mick and Coach Prole signed Bill Murphy from junior club Midland Ath. With the aplomb of a veteran, Bill took his chance with both hands to make the job his own. Smyth is now working in Hull where Cliff Britton, Manager of City, has him under review.

Northwards to Dundalk where injury laid low stalwarts Jimmy Hasty, last year's golden goal-getter, and International "Mousie" Munroe at a vital stage of the season. Discovery here was Tim Lyons, who made an excellent though losing début against Drumcondra in the Leinster Cup Final on St. Stephen's Day.

Out West Sligo Rovers continued their uphill struggle for survival. Numerous players were tried, A. N. Other appeared in the

Continued on page 34

Manchester United and Eire left-back NOEL CANTWELL is shown tossing up shortly before the start of a recent Eire international. Cantwell has also performed in the attack for club and country. (Devlin 2.)

CHALMERS of Celtic bundles the ball in for Celtic's second goal after Robertson. Third Lanark's goalkeeper had punched out a Hughes header during Saturday's game at Parkhead. Result Celtic 4, Third Lanark 4. (Planet 1.)

FALLING 'GATES' PROBLEM

SCOTTISH FRONT by JOHN STONE

NOT even Gilbert and Sullivan, I feel sure, would disagree that there are occasions when the punishment does not fit the crime. When relegation rears its unpopular head, for example, one often finds that the most severely punished—and is there a more severe punishment in present-day football than relegation?—are not always those most deserving of the fate.

Admittedly, the relegation struggle in Scotland, as in any other country, is part and parcel of the season. After thirty-four matches, however, it seems harsh indeed that St. Johnstone, whose twenty-five points equalled the number collected by St. Mirren and Airdrie, should find themselves demoted along with Stirling Albion simply because their goal average compared unfavourably, even if only fractionally, with that of the other pair.

The point is willingly conceded that someone must go down, and the fact that five clubs were still struggling for their very existence on the season's last day—indeed, most of them seemed to labour in the morbid depths of the League basement almost all the way through—did make for a callously-thrilling finale.

Like Mr. Bobby Ancell, manager of Motherwell (not, I hasten to point out, one of the quintet threatened with First Division extinction) I, too, feel, however, that there must assuredly be some more acceptable method of settling an issue so vital other than by merely taking as the yardstick the number of goals a club has scored, has failed to score and, of course, has conceded.

Fortunately, the relegation issue was not the only one to be left undecided until the final bell. The League Championship duel, and it was a duel, Dundee and Rangers having the field to themselves from shortly after half way, also hung in the balance until the season's last fateful Saturday, giving an otherwise colourless Scottish campaign its most exciting climax in years.

Dundee's dramatic comeback, when they seemed to have lost all hope of a first-ever League Championship flag flying over Dens Park, was a good thing for Scottish football generally, if only because their success prevented Rangers from sweeping clean the boards. Perhaps it was because the Glasgow club almost did just that last season, considered in retrospect, was about as completely insipid as the performances of almost all but a handful of the clubs who helped in its composition.

There can be little doubt about it, 1961-62 was not a vintage year at Scottish club level, the more memorable moments usually having emanated off the field of play.

With the Division Two Championship also a two-horse race from a date too early to be satisfactory to anyone, save, perhaps, the promoted pair, Clyde and Queen of the South, it was generally anticipated that public interest would diminish.

Just how greatly it fell away can be shown in six tell-tale figures—573,000. That is the number by which attendances at First and Second Division matches fell compared with the previous season's total, and the amazing, and rather alarming thing about it is that all but 13,000 of that number concerned First Division attendances.

Apart from Dundee — and, of course, Ibrox, where the Rangers supporters seem to turn up by tradition, not simply by choice—the cry from almost every other quarter was the same: one of falling gates.

And that despite the efforts of several clubs —Kilmarnock, Dundee United, Motherwell, Dunfermline and Stirling Albion were only a few—to make genuine improvements in the amenities for onlookers at their respective grounds.

Television has been blamed for the attendance slump; so too has the weather. The fact that the Scottish game was more bereft of personalities than ever before seems, however, to be a much more likely explanation for the falling off in interest.

Even in the inter-club competitions, the Scottish representatives did nothing sensational. The Edinburgh pair, Hearts and Hibs, got through only one round of the Inter Cities Fairs Cup and, while the performances of Rangers and Dunfermline, in the European Cup and Cup Winners' Cup respectively, were by no means poor, neither were they quite what their supporters had hoped for, or were even entitled to expect.

Probably the most unusual feature of the entire season was the fantastic "managerial chairs" game that seemed to be played by a handful of clubs, some of them most unexpectedly, too.

In quick succession, Hugh Shaw parted with Hibernian to take over the Raith Rovers reins, vacated by Bert Herdman, who had held them for even longer than Shaw had been at Easter Road, Walter Galbraith took over in Shaw's seat, Danny McLennan lost the Stirling Albion management to be replaced by Sammy Forsyth and Willie Reid left St. Mirren for Norwich City, with whom he parted company after only five months.

There was some concern in Dunfermline that Jock Stein, the ex-Celtic centre-half and later coach, would be tempted South after his tremendous achievements with the Fife club in two short seasons and, of course, the amazing experience of Bobby Flavell, who became manager of Ayr United in succession to Jacky Cox, only to return to Paisley, where he had been coach, to become manager of St. Mirren—all within the short space of a fortnight.

The managerial merry-go-round certainly added spice to a season's middle-months which, otherwise, would have sagged unbearably. The changes made for good "copy", if hardly, in every instance, for improvements in results.

The Scottish fan has clearly indicated before this, however, that he is not particularly interested in who is sending his team on to the field, and with what advice the manager has given his players for getting on with the job, as they sometimes put it. The fact that these same discerning fans were not at all impressed by the way the majority of Scottish clubs chose to get on with this job last season is reflected in the six tell-tale figures I quoted previously—573,000 who just didn't consider it worthwhile coming out to watch.

If it's any consolation, I'm sure next season must bring about some sort of improvement. It could hardly be much less spectacular than the one we have just seen pass away, apart from the successes of the international eleven.

ST. ETIENNE & REIMS SNATCH THE GLORY!

Continued from page 17

season. Nimes, already jittery for the past month, duly lost by a single goal scored by Stade's centre-forward Henri Skiba, formerly with . . . Nimes! So we knew that just after half-time Nimes were losing 1-0 and their chances were very low.

Meanwhile, Reims were at home to Strasbourg, whom they duly thrashed 5-1 and the margin of the score has already led wicked tongues to wonder whether team manager Robert Jonquet had really instructed Strasbourg to give of their best in view of the fact that he was formerly a player with . . . Reims! Finally, down at Monaco, the reigning Champions were ferociously contesting Racing's claim. For much of the middle of the afternoon with Nimes drawing or down by an odd goal and Reims winning only 1-0, Racing's lead of 1-0 made them Champions (for half-an-hour) and then Monaco equalised. There followed the goal-spree at Reims and even though Racing made a great effort and eventually won 2-1 it was not enough: Reims are 1962 Champions—on goal average from Racing, a difference, in fact, of 0.18 which is about as near as you can get. Poor Racing, who for the umpteenth season in succession scored more goals than any other club in France, and poor team manager Pierre Pibarot who has now had a run of third twice, followed by runners-up in the Championship twice; maybe he will now follow with two titles on the trot! For Reims it has been perhaps their least convincing Championship. They are already feeling very sorry that they agreed to the departure of Lucien Muller to Real Madrid.

Their team is a strange mixture of the past: fragile and sometimes failing (Kopa and Piantoni), the present, strong but without the top class (Akesbi) and the future, brilliant but unpredictable (Sauvage). But saddest of all, our sympathy to Kader Firoud of Nimes who year after year remakes a side whose best players have moved elsewhere and is always, it seems, second best.

Marseilles will be most welcome in the top flight next season for they are capable of playing home to large crowds as a distinct contrast to the other Second Division clubs.

One week prior to the close of the season illustrated this point most clearly. Excluding Marseilles, the attendances in the Second Division varied from 970 to 2,649. On the other hand in their promotion winning match at home Marseilles drew a crowd of 25,563.

With a higher grade of football to play in next season, there is no reason why equally impressive figures cannot be repeated. Before the change in the rule affecting gate money, the remaining clubs in the Division would have been able to gain considerably.

However, as it is, the gate receipts will go to the home team. At all events, Marseilles will stand to gain from whatever arrangement is used on this score!

It is by no means certain that Just Fontaine will be able to resume his career next season. This much injured player will meet the medical fraternity shortly to discuss his future in the game.

Such a brilliant player has had practically every misfortune possible in the last four years after he made his name at the 1958 World Cup in Sweden.

FINAL CHAMPIONSHIP TABLE

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Reims	38	21	6	11	83	60	48
Racing Club	38	21	6	11	86	63	48
Nimes	38	21	5	12	68	60	47
Nancy	38	16	12	10	52	46	44
Sedan	38	16	11	11	63	49	43
Monaco	38	17	9	12	65	57	43
Lens	38	19	4	15	67	52	42
Montpellier	38	15	9	14	69	64	39
Rouen	38	14	10	14	57	56	38
Stade Français	38	13	12	13	58	57	38
Toulouse	38	16	6	16	62	61	38
Rennes	38	13	12	13	58	63	38
Nice	38	16	6	16	53	64	38
Angers	38	13	10	15	56	59	36
Strasbourg	38	12	10	16	45	54	34
Lyon	38	13	7	18	57	62	33
St. Etienne	38	10	10	18	55	60	30
Sochaux	38	8	12	18	55	69	28
Le Havre	38	7	14	17	34	57	28
Metz	38	9	9	20	49	79	27

In the place of the bottom four clubs next season will be Grenoble, Valenciennes, Bordeaux and Marseilles, all promoted.

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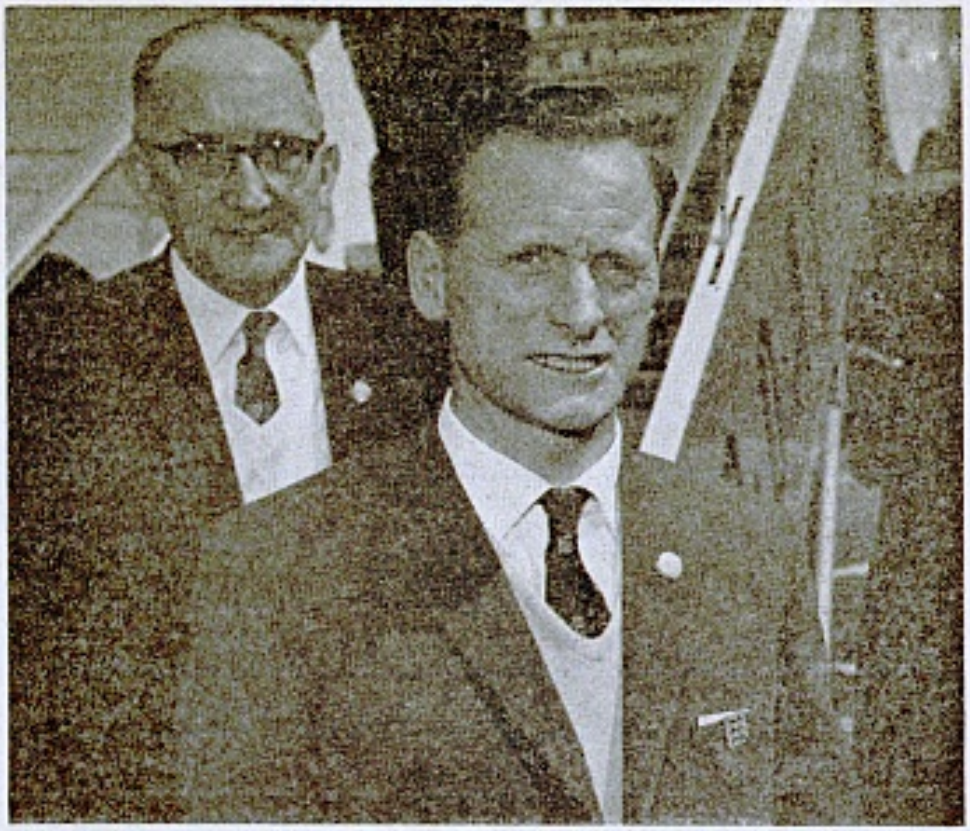
Ex-Preston and England winger Tom Finney went to New Zealand as player-manager to the F.A. Touring Party. The tour was highly successful and the New Zealanders were delighted with the performance of the ex-Preston wizard. (P.A.I.)



PROGRESS SLOW BUT SOUND

Focus on New Zealand

SOCCER enthusiasts in New Zealand are currently eagerly awaiting the visit of the Olaria Athletico Club of Brazil, which will soon be making a short tour of the Dominion. Following in the wake of the highly successful tour of Tom Finney's English F.A. team last season, the Brazilians, a First Division club, should serve to further popularise the game among a people whose appreciation of action in a sport is marked by an equally acute appreciation of true skill and ability in any form.

Players from Britain and all the countries of Europe have for the last ten or twelve years been finding out that New Zealand is a fine country to live in, and these men have made a decided impact upon football. It is unfortunate that some men of great ability by European standards have found that they are unable to escape being dragged down to a lower level with play in this country.

DISCOURAGED

A general absence of skills is only to be expected in a country where soccer, until only recently, was actively discouraged in a majority of schools and on public parks. Rugby Union is the king, and enjoys a vast following, but there is no doubt that the round-ball code is gaining ground in both playing and administrative strength, these being reflected in better attendances.

Interest in soccer in the Dominion this year is heightened by the introduction for the first time of sponsored tournaments in a large scale (by New Zealand standards). The Rothman's tournament, and the Wiseman's tournament in Auckland have brought into local football a new sense of competition.

It is the tragedy of any sport which enjoys little wealth that it will lose its best players to neighbouring countries where the pay for real ability is better. This has been found on a large scale in transfers at enormous fees of English players to Continental club teams, and it is reflected now on a much lower level in the exodus of a number of New Zealand's most talented players to the richer clubs in Sydney, Australia. There a flourishing semi-professional competition features play of a high standard, and it is rapidly overhauling Rugby League in its position of the biggest spectator-sport in Sydney.

MEMBERSHIP

New Zealand has recently attempted to widen its sphere of interest in soccer by applying for membership of the Asian Football Confederation. The Confederation at its recent meeting in Bangkok decided to defer the application, with that of Australia, until its next meeting in August, but officials in the Dominion are hopeful that it will be accepted.

The Rothman's tournament, which has injected new life into soccer on a club level in this country, has been hailed by national administrators as being the forerunner of the eagerly-awaited national league. Lack of finance has held back the national league, as the distances for travel are great without there being the financial rewards of a good crowd at the gate for matches in any centre apart from Auckland.

At the time of writing three rounds of club competition in each of the four main centres have been played, and the local championship - winners, to contest the national finals of the sponsored tournament, will soon be known. In Auckland in a recent match the top team, North Shore, led by ex-Chelsea wing-half Ken Armstrong and England Youth goalkeeper Alan Windsor, figured in an upset 5-3 loss to Eastern Suburbs, and this has complicated the picture in the Dominion's strongest centre.

In Wellington the leading side is Western Suburbs with two wins and one draw in three matches. This team fields a consistent eleven with the star player probably wing-half Dave Wallace. In Christchurch the current competition-leaders are Nomads and Shamrock, both unbeaten after three rounds. Nomads are led by the provincial skipper Paul Rennell (inside-forward), and Shamrock fields two internationals in Joe Callaghan (goalkeeper) and Peter Flynn (centre-half). The strongest team in the southern-most centre Dunedin is Northern, last season's winner of the Chatham Cup (national inter-club knock-out competition).

New Zealand's star centre-forward of last season's series against the English side, Rodney Reid, is one who has recently left to play in the Sydney competitions. The Samoan-born Reid is one of the few players in this country who has a really colourful flair, and he had a large following in his home-town, Wellington. New Zealanders at present playing in the Sydney competitions could form a team which could probably defeat the best team which this country could now put into the field.

It should be stressed that the immigration factor has not been anything like that to Australia and though the new arrivals have added to the growth of the game, progress is nothing like as rapid as it is in Australia.

It may be surprising that though the New Zealand association was founded as long ago as 1891 the development has been slow. Tours, especially from England, have been the main source of improvement locally but it will take more intensive international competition before real advancement is measured.

But with the settlement of the new competitions previously mentioned in this article there is no reason why New Zealand soccer should not one day rival its "bigger brother" in Australia. Of course the comparison with this last named continent is an unfair one, but is one that is frequently used when talking in terms of New Zealand soccer.

To-date there has not been the same flow of ex-England soccer stars to New Zealand as there has been to Australia.

D. D. M. STEWART

RENE BOUDRY outlines the history of Raymond Kopa, France's most popular internationalist

KOPA — TOP OF THE POPS IN FRANCE

A POPULARITY poll taken at almost any time during the past ten years would have revealed that among the French football public one man stood out almost alone in their affections. One man who at his best can still fill a stadium to capacity when the game as a whole is deeply embedded in its greatest ever slump!

His name, of course, is Raymond Kopa, a small and rather fragile young man plagued by an old ankle injury that has been operated on times without number but never with complete success.

Hampered by his ankle, often reduced to walking pace, and always the target of heavy tackling defenders who hope to intimidate him, Kopa remains the supreme artist, quietly seeking the space in which to receive the ball, and then with a quick well judged pass, or a shoulder dipping, hip waving run he seeks to carve out a scoring chance for one of his colleagues.

Kopa's reputation has been built up as a midfield forager; a clever ball player who carves out the scoring chances rather than a scorer, yet in cold figures his eighteen goals in internationals rates fourth place on the list of goal-getters for l'equipe de France!

Like many other youngsters of slight build, Kopa found it difficult to find a senior club prepared to take a chance on his slender frame, and despite his obvious talents many professional clubs in northern France rejected his services. Lille Olympic were just one of them, and they must have kicked themselves a few months later when after joining SCO Angers, he began attracting the attention of the big clubs.

Reims star

Finally, Kopa was transferred to Stade de Reims, and there began a long association with the former Reims star Albert Batteux, the club coach who was to guide him through many a stiff test in the early part of his career. Reims at that time could field a host of international stars, and this no doubt made his entry into the national side a simple task. The first step proved to be a decisive one for a scintillating display for the French "B" team against their English counterparts as Le Havre resulted in a runaway win for France by 7-1 and from then on Kopa was a must for any representative team.

The coming of the European Cup gave Kopa his chance to establish himself in the hierarchy of the continental masters, and after leading Reims to the first final in 1956, he almost engineered the downfall of Real Madrid, and so impressed the Real President, Santiago Bernabeu, that by the following autumn he had been persuaded to join the Spanish champions. With Real he made a small fortune that secured his future and enhanced his reputation but his heart remained in France, and he was never completely happy in Madrid. Rumour had it that he could not get along with Di Stefano, the master of the Real attack, and it is certainly true that he wasn't completely happy on the right wing where he usually figured.

The money he made with Real was invested in France, £10,000 being spent on a house built at Angers, and it surprised no one that when his contract expired in 1959 he returned to his first love, Reims!

In 1958, Raymond Kopa was accorded the game's highest honour—the "European Footballer of the Year award" yet strangely it was not gained in the service of Real Madrid but for France in the World Cup. Released by Real for the trip to Sweden, Kopa's return revitalised the French attack and his understanding with Just Fontaine brought the latter so many goals that they might well have carried off the World Cup but for an unfortunate injury to centre-half Jonquet in the semi-final against Brazil!

With Kopa roaming the length and breadth of the pitch in search of the ball, and Fontaine lurking upfield in anticipation of the defence splitting pass that would follow a mazy dribble deep into enemy territory, the French team was transformed overnight from an ordinary team into a great side that would have been worthy World Champions, and certainly was the finest team the French had ever fielded. The Kopa-Fontaine tandem split up again the following season when Kopa returned to Madrid but nine months later after helping Real to yet another European Cup success, he was transferred back to Reims, and while the whole of France reconciled themselves to Reims winning the championship, they consoled themselves with the belief that at last a French club could put an end to the domination of Real Madrid.

Continued

The championship was duly won, but midway through the season Fontaine broke his leg, and while Raymond Kopa continued to create the scoring chances Reims were unable to find an adequate replacement for their canonier and much of his brilliance was wasted. In the European Cup, they were beaten by Burnley who were more than a little fortunate that they didn't meet the terrible tandem. Fontaine missed the first leg in England, and though he regained his fitness in time for the second leg in Paris, Kopa was ruled out by an injury sustained at home!

Still only thirty, Raymond Kopaczewski remains young enough to lead Reims to the peak of European football, if the surgeons can settle his famous ankle troubles. He has come a long way from the coal mines of the Pas de Calais where he lost two fingers in an accident, and with a whole string of branded goods bearing his name—from fruit juice to football boots he has only one fear—that his ankle will force him into premature retirement. At a time when the game generally lacks personalities, when skill is in danger of giving way to pace and brawn, Kopa stands supreme in France and, indeed, Europe.

In the article on this page Rene Boudry discusses the impact Raymond Kopa (extreme right), has made on the French footballing scene. (Planet 1.)

Pictured in an off-training moment prior to World Cup departure, is Arsenal inside-forward George Eastham, wearing a Tottenham Hotspur tracksuit top. There is no news that Eastham will move across London to join the Cup-holders encampment! (Central I.)

MALTESE REFEREE IS HELD IN HIGH ESTEEM

HISTORY was made in the annals of local sport when a Maltese referee, Arthur Lentini, officiated in the international match which took place recently between the Italian League and the League of Ireland at Rimini.

Lentini, who received a good press from both the Italian and Irish papers, is one of the panel of F.I.F.A. referees available for selection in international matches. It will be recalled that the Italians won this match by 6 goals to 0.

Fortunately for Malta, the match which Lentini refereed will prove very useful, because the local international side will be crossing over to Italy next month to play against the Italians. According to Lentini the locals will have to watch Italy's centre-forward Meroi and the right half-back Oltramari.

After this match with Italy C., the Maltese party composed of fourteen players and four officials will proceed to Denmark for another international match in connection with the European Nations Cup competition.

The present league leaders, Floriana, and hot favourites for the League Championships in Malta, made an early exit from the Malta F.A. Trophy when they were eliminated by the Hibernians of Pawla in the first round of the Trophy by 3 goals to 2.

One of the new measures taken by the newly elected Nationalist Party in Malta has been the appointment of a Malta Sports Board. The Board which will be of an advisory capacity will help the Government iron out what degree of contribution should be given to sport, taking into consideration its educative and civic development. The Board composed of nine members, will be giving football prime attention as is indicated from the several members of the Board intimately connected with soccer.

This move, of course, can prove of tremendous significance to the development and future well-being of the game in the George Cross island. Soccer is gaining a firm hold on the sports-minded Maltese, and the Board will be doing everything possible to encourage further activities to improve the game in both on-field and subsidiary departments. This, indeed, could be an occasion of great significance in Malta's soccer history.

ARTHUR J. LEAVER

TROPHY ROUND-UP

Continued from page 15

winning 3-0 went confidently to Budapest. MTK lined up with two of the forwards of Vasas at centre-forward and inside-left—Machos and the young International player, Farkas.

Their presence could not prevent an unexpectedly emphatic Valencia victory. Nunez and Guillot put them ahead in the first twenty-six minutes, Machos got one for MTK but centre-forward Waldo scored again for Valencia before the interval. Guillot and Waldo scored again early in the second half before Machos scored his second "guest" goal and the Hungarians decided to replace Takacs in goal by Kovalik. The substitution failed to stop Valencia's goal-scoring and Nunez scored two more before Bodor got MTK's third goal. Final: 7-3 for Valencia. Now Barcelona and Valencia have to fight out an all-Spanish final.

Barcelona, clearly, must be strongly fancied but Valencia have given indications of surprising power in attack. The question seems to be whether they can hold Barcelona's own vastly-talented front line. The result should be a tussle full of imaginative, progressive and attacking football, which should compensate for the fact that the international aspect has been lost by the fact that two Spanish teams reached the final stage.

THE RAPPAN CUP

The Rappan Cup on the other hand produced an all-Netherlands final—between Ajax and Feyenoord which the former, before fifty thousand spectators, won by four goals to two. The Rappan owes its existence to the need for summer fixtures for Continental "pools" fans. The bulk of the group matches are therefore played during the "close" seasons from League football and the quarter, semi and final matches dawdle out over the year with no great incentive for them to be played. The early matches, however, provide regular competitive football at a time when not very inspiring friendlies and tour matches used to be the sole fare.

This year's group matches will be starting late in May and continue into July. Four clubs apiece have entered from Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Italy, France, Hungary, West Germany, Yugoslavia and the Netherlands and results and comments will be featured in WORLD SOCCER and SOCCER STAR.

Finally, for the record let me note the end of another rather long-drawn cup competition, the Mitropa. The Czech club, Slovan Nitra, and the Italian club, Bologna, were the finalists and they drew two-all the first leg in Czechoslovakia. Bologna then won the second leg at home by three goals to nil.

* * *

Gordon Jeffery writes: Since the major portion of this article went to press information has been received concerning the date of the unresolved European Cup Winners Cup Final replay. The match will now be played in Frankfurt on September 5. The Scots refused to stage the second match after the dismal failure of the first.

NORMAN D. REICH *discusses another growing competition*

AFRICA'S PREMIER SOCCER TROPHY

FROM the Lisbon congress of F.I.F.A. in 1956 has blossomed Africa's premier soccer prize. Unquestionably, the Africa Cup takes pride of place among more African countries than any other—and to win it earns untold prestige for the honour-hungry nations of this vast continent.

Certainly, the competition has not grown as rapidly as its organisers might have hoped, but it has captured the following of several new entrants with each new competition.

The Cup is run by the Associations Nationales Africaines. This organisation is the umbrella body of African soccer. Amongst the resolutions tabled by the delegates who attended the Lisbon meeting six years ago were: To study the outlook of African F.I.F.A. members towards the organisation of continental competitions. A.N.A. was also to administer a General Assembly and an Executive Committee.

It may well be interesting to recall the founder members of the A.N.A. They were: Egypt, Sudan, Kenya, Uganda, Tunisia, Morocco, Ghana, Nigeria, and Ethiopia. Later, Somaliland, Guinea and Sierra Leone also affiliated.

Khartoum

Since the Lisbon get-together three General Assemblies of A.N.A. have been convened. 1957 saw the venue at Khartoum, 1960 at Rome and 1961 in Cairo.

At present, A.N.A. has a fine progressively minded band of men at their helm, and it is due in no small measure to their unrelenting endeavour that African soccer has reached such a high mark in world ratings. The A.N.A. President is Général Abdel Aziz Moustapha of Egypt. Secretary-general is his copatriot, Monsieur Mourad Fahmy; the members of the executive being Dr. Zouiten (Tunisia), Mr. Cobina Hagan (Ghana) and Mr. Yidnekatchwa Tessema (Ethiopia).

In view of the vast distances involved in linking Africa's capitals, A.N.A. decided to geographically partition the continent and it is in these sections that the Africa Cup entrants play-off their preliminary rounds. There are five of these regions: North, East, West, South and Central. The southern zone has been least active in A.N.A. projects—preferring to arrange their own competition opponents and none of the southern zone countries has yet taken part in an Africa Cup series.

These regions are also used for the World Cup and for the Olympic Games preliminary games. Five zonal committees were formed, answerable to the central A.N.A. executive. The southern zone has now more or less fallen away through lack of interest but the others have had a great deal of work to get through.

Divided

The zones are divided as follows: **North:** Morocco, Tunisia, Egypt. **Western:** Guinea, Sierra Leone, Ghana, Nigeria. **Central:** Central African Republic (Brazzaville), Congo. **Eastern:** Sudan, Ethiopia, Somalia, Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika.

With this background, the A.N.A. set about organising their first Africa Cup series. It was decided that the finals should be played off in Khartoum. Eventually, they were played in late 1957 but numerous teething troubles had first to be ironed out. Four countries were finally accepted — Egypt, Ethiopia, Sudan and South Africa. The draw was made and in the semi-finals, Sudan were drawn with neighbours Egypt and Ethiopia were paired with South Africa. South Africa withdrew and so Ethiopia journeyed into the final.

The semi-final was a close affair, with Egypt narrowly ousting the hosts, 2-1. It may be of interest to recall the officials of these historic encounters. Those chosen were Lt. Ghebeyhu of Ethiopia as referee and K. Mansour (Egypt) and Y. Ibrahim (Sudan) as linesmen. So competently did they perform their duties that all three were again named for the final—this time with Y. Ibrahim as the man with the whistle.

Ethiopians

Egypt set a cracking pace in the final and outclassed the Ethiopians to the tune of 4-0. It was the third time of meeting for the two countries on the international soccer field—and each time Egypt had emphasised her superiority. Nevertheless, the dogged determination of the Ethiopians was a pointer for the future—and their day would come.

As the holders, Egypt had the honour of staging the second competition. It was decided that Cairo was easily the most suitable venue. Again, numerous invitations went out to African national bodies but after a brief period of enthusiastic interest, they realised their financial limitations and once more, only three—Sudan, Ethiopia and Egypt—attended the Finals. This time, a league basis was adopted and Egypt again triumphed. Another 4-0 hammering was handed to Ethiopia. Sudan then scrambled a solitary goal to win the right to challenge Egypt for the title and another narrow match resulted, with Egypt just getting the better of a tight duel.

Results were: Egypt 4 Ethiopia 0; Sudan 1 Ethiopia 0; Egypt 2 Sudan 1.

It took the A.N.A. time to realise that the Africa Cup was an excellent booster for the Continent's game. They allowed it to go into recess as they battled to iron out the difficulties. It wasn't until last year that they decided that the time had come for another attempt.

Again, entries were hopefully sent out—and this time the response was most gratifying. Nine countries—Ethiopia, Egypt, Sudan,

To help with the development of soccer in Ghana, a F.A. XI played a series of matches against selected sides. The F.A. team always attracted a large crowd and at the end of the tour the Ghana F.A. thanked the English F.A. for their valuable assistance. (O.)

In a match which took place in Cairo, Real Madrid played the Kamalek Sports Club during one of their tours. Here the Egyptian goalkeeper Aldo Stella gets himself tangled up with the net but his colleagues manage to clear the ball upfield. (Planet 1.)

Morocco, Tunisia, Ghana, Nigeria, Kenya and Uganda—decided to participate.

As Khartoum and Cairo had already been the venue for the play-offs, it was decided that Ethiopia—who were the other country to have taken part in all the previous competitions—should be given the task of staging the Finals. Addis Ababa proved a fine choice.

Again, preliminary ties were arranged for the geographical divisions. Egypt qualified as the holders. She selected her full-strength side which included goalkeeper Adel Heikal (fifteen international "caps"), full-back Yakan Zaki (twenty "caps"), centre-forward Salih Salim (twenty-five "caps"), full-backs Mohamed Bifaci (ten "caps") and Mohamed Badouri (two "caps"), outside-left Mohamed Marsi Husan Rida (fifteen "caps"), centre-half Raafat Attiah (fifteen "caps") and inside-left Taha Ismail (fifteen "caps").

Of the rest, none had appeared in Egypt's international "green" before, but talent there was plenty in such youngsters as Mahmoud Elgouhari. Certainly, this was a useful party chosen and the finals were viewed in the light of who should extend the Egyptians. It was generally believed that the winners would have to dispose of Egypt first—and if none measured up to them, they would annex the trophy permanently.

Ethiopia qualified as the hosts. She had extended Israel all the way in the World Cup play-off matches and was expected to be disputing the Cup's destiny to the end.

Preliminaries

Uganda were made to fight tremendously hard for their place in Addis Ababa. The results of their preliminaries were: Kenya 0 Uganda 1; Uganda 0 Kenya 1; Zanzibar 1 Uganda 2; Uganda 2 Zanzibar 0. **Play-off:** Kenya 2 Uganda 1; Uganda 2 Kenya 0.

So, by a solitary goal in the play-off, Uganda won through. They couldn't have felt confident of their chances, for in their preparation weeks before the event, they lost 1-4 in Nairobi and then 3-1 to Tanganyika in Dar-es-Saalem.

Leading the East Africans was their veteran, Sam Sebowa.

Tunisia won her ticket through because of a distasteful incident in her qualifying match with Nigeria. Tunisia were trailing 1-2 when they were awarded a disputed penalty. The Nigerians left the field after a heated argument with the referee. Thus, Tunisia assembled her party for the finals. Bringing all her leading players together for trials, she chose a solid core of players, all of whom had appeared in ten or more internationals. This band of experience was made up of centre-half, Moheiddine; half-back, Chetali; centre-forward, Chesif Monsef; outside-left, Kerrit; inside-forwards, Kliba and Meddab; and left-back, Tewfik.

It was decided that a knock-out system should be reintroduced. The draw for the semi-finals was duly made and Ethiopia and Tunisia came out of the hat together. This left Egypt to battle with Uganda for the other final place.

The organisers left nothing to chance. They even went as far as building a magnificent new stadium—the Au Stade Haile Selassie I—with a splendid cantilever concrete grandstand.

Ethiopia and Tunisia set the pace with a closely-fought tussle on January 14 of this year. The home eleven just had the better of their visitors and went through to their second final. Egypt gave a confident performance in the other semi-final four days later and clinched the other place in the Grand Finale.

Tremendous excitement mounted in the city as the final approached. Both parties were having extensive work-outs daily from their respective trainers and enthusiasm nearly bubbled over when the Emperor decided to attend.

The two teams were announced simultaneously. They read:

Ethiopia: Gila; Kiflom, Asmelash; Berebe, Awad, Tesfaye; Ghirma, Mengistu, Luciano, Italo, Getachu.

Egypt: Adel; Moustafa, Tarik; Samir, Rafat, Badouri; Ifad, Badawi, Saleh, Taha, Rida.

Loudest

A crowd of well over 60,000 jammed the new ground and one of the loudest roars ever heard in the country greeted the two teams as they took the field. The crowd kept up the roar throughout this gripping game. They were pleasantly surprised at what they saw. It was smash and sweep soccer at a headlong pace.

After only eleven minutes—by the amount of sheer soccer that had been played, you would have thought the first half was almost over—Egypt went into the lead. Taha weaved into the penalty area and crashed home with Gila well beaten. It was Egypt's best of the match.

The visitors had seemed to find their gear and they dominated for a long spell. Yet, Ethiopia's tough tackling tactics and superhuman efforts from Gila kept the home goal intact. Half-time came with no additional score.

Out came the determined Ethiopians with their sleeves rolled up. The crowd roared and they played like tigers. It was a display that couldn't go unrewarded for long and after twenty-nine minutes a series of clever ground passes amongst the Ethiopian forwards saw Tekle Ghirma crack a screaming shot goalwards. The ball shook the crossbar and was a bulge in the net before Adel could flinch. The stadium exploded—but their joy was short-lived.

Restart

Straight from the restart, Egypt deftly wove their way through, and Saleh chipped his shot over Gila on to the cross-bar and into the net.

Never to be daunted, Ethiopia responded to the crowd's tremendous encouragement. It took them ten minutes of incessant attacking before Getachu received a pass on the half-way line. He "ghosted" past Moustafa and crossed a knee-high ball to Ghirma, who first-timed it back to Luciano. The centre-forward coolly picked his spot and drove home.

The Egyptians must have felt their grip loosening on the Cup. They held out until full-time, but with the game a draw, the rules say that an extra half-hour must be played.

Ethiopia sensed victory on its way at last. They settled into a confident stride and the Egyptians were simply no match for the agility of the less sturdy highlanders. It took them only ten minutes to stamp their superiority. Italo intercepted deep in Egyptian territory and let fly with a swerving shot that sent the crowd wild again. Adel just didn't stand a chance.

It was left to Mengistou to seal the Egyptian fate with the final score in the closing minutes. It was a fitting goal to close a magnificent match.

During the Duke of Edinburgh's tour of South America time was taken out to visit the Montevideo stadium for the Uruguay-Argentina match. Here the Duke meets some of the Uruguayan team. (Planet 1.)

PENAROL—PRIDE OF URUGUAY!

TOWARDS the middle of the eighteenth century—tradition puts it at 1746—a man set out from the Turin suburb of Pignarolo. His intention was emigration, his destination the open outskirts of Montevideo. The village he created there as Crossa-Pignarolo (in memory of his fatherland) survived in the Spanish form of Penarol. In turn it gave its name to one of the most famous football clubs in the South American continent (writes ROGER MACDONALD).

Penarol. The name symbolises the *mystique* of the Oriental Republic of Uruguay, its power, possessiveness, and pride. Yet back in 1891 the celestial home of the "Celestos" was criss-crossed with the tracks of the Central Railway Company, and its headquarters a dingy wooden hut in one of the repair yards.

This humble beginning was British made—like most worthwhile things in Uruguay since the republic had fought Argentina and Brazil for its independence in the 1820s—by a group of resident engineers, Messrs. Davenport, Hudson, Henderson and Moor. On September 28, so the chronicler informs us, they created the Central Uruguayan Railway Cricket Club with about 100 founder members, catering for cricket, rugby and soccer, and took possession of a piece of waste ground nearby. By chance this sacred earth was to be found in Penarol, now a thriving suburb of Montevideo.

As usual the attempt of the British pioneers to popularise cricket with the natives failed completely, and by 1895 the football section completely overshadowed the other peculiarly English games. One Macgregor, with an accent as Scottish as his name, captained the first team, which went from strength to strength in an era of shoestring finances and casual amateurism. The Montevideons at last took to the game in a big way, and by 1900 the leading clubs—with C.U.R.C.C. to the fore—felt solvent enough to form their own association and to begin regular fixtures in a football league. By now the Cricket Club was known as Penarol on everything except its official notepaper, and the ultimate change (made in 1913) was a mere formality. A few Britons regretted the move, but even they had to admit that while the Uruguayans effectively shouted on their team with "Arriba Penarol", they could scarcely be expected to chant "Play up the Central Uruguayan Railway Cricket Club"—especially at football matches!

But the British influence remained for a while, at first in the shape of Messrs. Macgregor and Crossley—the backbone of the Championship winning sides of 1900, 1901, 1905, 1907 and 1911—and then through John Harley, pioneer of all the adventurous Scottish coaches. And thereby hangs a tale.

River Plate

During this decade Argentina had great influence over Uruguayan sport, and several of her clubs, among them River Plate, participated in the Montevideo League. It is said that Harley still held the position of coach to River when he joined Penarol in 1909, and he used to divide his time between the two clubs and cities. All went well until the following year, when he found himself in the embarrassing position of being required to select *both* sides for a League match.... The story is fantastic enough to be true, but unfortunately John Harley died in the Uruguayan capital in 1960, shortly before I discovered his whereabouts, and I was never able to test its validity. The originator of the short passing game demonstrated so superbly in later World Cups, he remained one of Penarol's most revered and respected members for over half a century.

Among Harley's pupils were two giants of Uruguayan football, Jose Pendibene and Isabelini Gradin. Pendibene, known as "the Master" throughout South America, was a creole remarkably suited to the position of spearhead centre-forward. His ball control and passing were of the highest class; deadly shooting and unbelievable opportunism made him an automatic choice for Penarol for over twenty years.

No less famous was Gradin the Greyhound, immortalised by the Peruvian poet del Rilgo. A negro of tremendous physique and speed, he became South American Champion over 400 metres, and frequently left the fleetest defenders far behind in a sprint for goal.

But if Penarol had great players, she did not have a great team—especially after backing the wrong F.A. in 1922. A split had occurred amongst both the Argentinian and Uruguayan authorities over the question of payments to players, and Penarol supported the rebel Uruguayan "Federation", which made matters even more confusing by integrating with the rebel Argentinian "Amateur Association". Thus from 1922 the "Federation" (Uruguay) and the "Amateur Association" (Argentina) formed their own League competition, while the official Argentine Association and the Uruguayan "Association" continued to field international teams, and it was the last-mentioned body who represented the Oriental Republic at the Paris Olympiad. Their victory was not all the more remarkable for this, however, as Penarol had lost many of her established players to Federation clubs (such as the

famous F.C. Nacional), and her gates and performances suffered accordingly.

In 1926 the respective presidents of Uruguay and Argentina, Serrato and Alvear, enforced a settlement, and Penarol recaptured the signatures of her erstwhile internationals. They returned just in time to play against the star Spanish side, Real Deportivo de Barcelona, who were wiping the floor with the best opposition that Rio de la Plata and Montevideo could provide.

Turned out

It promised to be a great match, and an enormous crowd turned out to see if Jose Pendibene would do what no other forward in South America had done—beat the unbeatable Zamora. It seemed he could not do so, when Barcelona led 1-0 well after half-time. But suddenly Pelegrian Anselmo (a future Uruguayan international) provided him with a beautiful pass, and a swift feint sent Zamora one way and the ball the other. The crowd watched with bated breath as the Spanish goalkeeper twisted in mid-air in an attempt to save, and then they exploded into a frenzied roar as the ball evaded his outstretched fingers and rolled into the corner of the net. Penarol were on level terms, and Pendibene was the hero of Uruguay.

The old Railway Club took the League Championship in 1926, 1928 and 1929; the 1930 competition was abandoned when they held a convincing lead, but as a consolation Penarol were able to provide Uruguay's victorious World Cup team with three outstanding players.

Two of them, Alvaro Gestido and Lorenzo Fernandez, played in every match, forming with Andrade the famous *Costilla Metallica*, or Iron Curtain defence. Gestido, a brilliant if over-elaborate dribbler, was a popular favourite with the crowd; his handsome features and broad shoulders made him Number One Pin-Up with the young ladies of Montevideo!

I have already mentioned Anselmo, now Pendibene's successor at centre-forward: he scored three goals in the early World Cup games and then had the misfortune to miss the Final through injury. Another unfortunate was Juan Arremond, a star of the 1928 Olympic team, who had lost both his form and his place in the national side. But Penarol could be justly proud of her players, and of her 3-0 victory over the Belgian international eleven before they sailed for home.

League

Uruguay adopted professionalism in 1932, and fittingly Penarol were the first professional champions. They won the League trophy again in 1935, 1936 and 1937, when it became their own personal property. Henceforth the magnificent cup resided in a place of honour in the showcase of the club headquarters at No. 1,232 Maldonado Street.

"Pocitos", Penarol's magnificent stadium used for several World Cup matches, had been built by public subscription; another fund provided money for the luxury villa and social centre of "Los Aromos", the players' residence before all home matches. Cricket and rugby had long been discontinued, but in their place appeared cycling, boxing, swimming and basketball, with a thriving membership of several thousand.

Penarol began to rival River Plate in the magnificence of their surroundings, and a great sum of money was spent on transfers during this prosperous era. Foreign stars were attracted to this bottomless source of wealth, among them no less a player than Leonidas da Silva, the much-travelled Brazilian ace. A member of Brazil's 1934 and 1938 World Cup teams, he was considered to be the outstanding centre-forward in South America; the highlights of his appearance in Penarol's 1933 Championship side were five devastating goals with an overhead "bicycle-kick", his supreme speciality.

Nacional stole the limelight from Penarol with five successive Championships in the years that followed, and it was not until 1949 that the Railway Club re-established their supremacy. In this year they engaged a Hungarian trainer, Emerico Hirchs, and won the League Championship, the Championship of Honour and the Championship of Proficiency, *all without losing a match*. This is a record without equal in modern times anywhere in the world.

What was there left to achieve? No less than a shock Uruguayan victory over Brazil in the 1950 World Cup, with seven Penarol players in the team—Maspoli, Andrade, Varela, Ghiggia, Miguez, Shiaffino and Vidal. Captain Obdulio Varela steadied his temperamental team, and brought the best out of Roque Maspoli in goal, Rodriguez Andrade at wing-half, and Alcide Ghiggia and Juan Shiaffino in the forward line. Maspoli made a series of truly great saves; Ghiggia scored the winning goal; while Andrade and Shiaffino turned defence into attack with deadly proficiency, and number among my six great players of the modern era.

In 1954 Penarol's contribution to the Uruguayan team was not sufficient to retain the trophy, but the club came very close to changing its ultimate destination. No, not by forcing Hungary into an extra half-hour in the Semi-Final of the actual competition, but by making a bid for Helmut Rahn, Germany's outstanding player, a few weeks before the Finals. He had toured Latin America with his club, Rot-Weiss Essen, who startled a 50,000 crowd by beating Penarol 3-1; the newspapers reported that Rahn was one of the greatest forwards they had ever seen and Penarol offered a very substantial contract to the German winger, who by all accounts would have accepted but for an urgent telegram recalling him to Switzerland for the World Cup. It was his magnificent

Continued on page 33

Luis Cubilla (left) outside-right of Uruguay's Penarol team in action against Emilio Alvarez—himself a Uruguayan international of some repute. (Planet 1.)

In preparation for the World Cup Finals played in Chile last month, Brazil met Paraguay in the Oswalde-Cruz Cup. The Brazilians won by a score of 6-0. (Planet 1.)

GREEKS HAVE THEIR POINTS SYSTEM, TOO

Continued from page 13

Georges Sideris—in disgrace since he was sent off at Belfast after a skirmish with Jimmy Nicholson—usually acts as link forward at inside-right, but the key player is the one-time private (since promoted!) in the Greek Army, Andreas Papaemanuel. "The latter," says my correspondent, "ranks with the finest 'strikers' in the world today"—no light praise from a man who has seen Pelé, Seeler, Puskas, Greaves and Sivori at their best and who is not prone to exaggeration! Certainly the two goals he scored against Northern Ireland in Athens last year were quite remarkable. The first was a free-kick hit from twenty-five yards as hard as a dead ball could be; the second was a snap shot at high speed which flashed past the Irish goalkeeper before he could move a muscle. Two great goals — from the greatest of Greek footballers.

In the current League Championship Panthenaikos, who have just drawn 1-1 with Bolton Wanderers as I write, are almost home and dry—although their five point lead represents only 1½ victories under the Hellenic system of three points for a win, two for a draw, and one for a defeat. I asked a local resident the reason for this peculiar system, and after considerable thought he suggested that it was to reduce the number of games abandoned when the home team was losing. Apparently in olden days an invasion of spectators was all too common when their favourite team looked like losing a match, and the introduction of a point for each game *completed* encouraged clubs to reinforce the crowd barriers!

The main challenge in this first season of limited professionalism has come from Apollon, due largely to the brilliant goalkeeping of George Toufexis, and A.E.K.—the team sponsored by the Athens Electricity Supply Company — whose late challenge prompted the F.A. to invite West Germany's leading referee, Albert Dusch, to control the top-of-the-table clash with the League leaders.

Elimination from the 1962 World Cup, the cost of a trip to the Tokio Olympiad, and the decline of the Mediterranean and Balkan Cups may leave Greece with a scarcity of fixtures—especially as the unfortunate pairing with hostile Albania in the European Nations' Cup can never materialise into actual games. Consequently, the Greeks must rely heavily on the World Military Championships (they took first, second and third places in 1952, 1960 and 1953 respectively) and on friendly matches with teams from Western Europe. Their young international side will surely mature into a strong team if they can meet top-class opposition throughout the year. The Greek F.A. hopes to arrange a tour of Western Europe in the very near future, and if they should visit the British Isles again, take heed of the closing words of my correspondent in his last report. He wrote:

"Watch out for the men of Greece."

Current Greek international players

Name	Club	Position	Age	Caps
Kostas Vallianos	Ethnikos Piraus	Goalkeeper	24	3
Michael Voutsaras	Panthenaikos Athens	Goalkeeper	26	3
Aristidis Kamaras	Panthenaikos Athens	Right-back	22	6
Tassos Vassiliou	Apollon Athens	Left-back	23	4
Jean Simantiris	Olympiakos Piraus	Full-back	21	1
Kostas Polychroniou	Olympiakos Piraus	Right-half	25	16
Demitris Stefanakos	Olympiakos Piraus	Centre-half	24	8
Takis Papoulidis	Panionios Athens	Left-half	28	12
Zacharias Pitichoutis	Panthenaikos Athens	Half-back	20	1
Kostas Linoxylakis	Panthenaikos Athens	Half-back	29	28
Vassilios Mastrakoulis	Apollon Athens	Outside-right	21	2
Georges Sideris	Olympiakos Piraus	Inside-forward	24	7
Demitris Domazos	Panthenaikos Athens	Centre-forward	19	4
Andreas Papaemanuel	Panthenaikos Athens	Inside-forward	22	9
Antonios Possidon	Olympiakos Piraus	Outside-left	22	4
Anthanasios Gouvas	A.E.K. Athens	Inside-forward	22	–
Apostolos Vassiliadis	P.A.O.K. Salonica	Inside-left	27	2

AUSTRALIAN NEWS ROUND-UP

SYDNEY (New South Wales). — Bob Clark, thirty-two-year-old senior sales representative of a leading Sydney industrial chemicals company, has been appointed full-time secretary of the New South Wales Federation of Soccer Leagues. A former secretary of First Division club Bankstown, Clark has been associated with the game since the age of eight when he played in Sydney school teams. He has been connected with the Federation since its inception and in 1960 became a New South Wales councillor. At the end of that year pressure of business and family commitments caused him to resign.

In February, 1961, after several changes had been made in the Federation set-up, he agreed to accept a place on the management committee. Later he was elected honorary secretary of the N.S.W. Federation. Clark is also secretary of the Australian Soccer Federation, the controlling body for the code all over the nation.

The Sydney First Division club Apia-Leichhardt has asked the Italian Soccer Federation for the loan of four top-class players this season. The request was inspired by the fact that the I.S.F. has helped an Italian migrant team—CanItalia—in Canada by lending players. Apia-Leichhardt started its career as a team consisting of Italian migrants and local Australian players. The initials A.P.I.A. stand for "Italo-Australian Sporting Club" and the organisation is centred in the Sydney suburb of Leichhardt. Italian businessmen give generous support to the team, although there are few Italian players in it.

PENAROL—PRIDE OF URUGUAY

Continued from page 31

performance in the Final, more than anything else, that made Germany Champions of the World ... and so the Railway Club almost changed the path of history.

Penarol and Nacional have virtually decided the Championship between them during the last decade, with the former coming out on top in each of the last four seasons. In 1959 and 1960, however, they needed to play-off against National and the rising Cerro respectively, while in 1961 they only clinched the title with a 3-2 win over their old rivals in the penultimate match of the season. Shortly afterwards Penarol faced the full Hungarian side with a depleted team and only lost 4-3: an encouraging pointer to the European tour that was to follow.

But such pointers often prove false, and Penarol began their European gambit—like Uruguay two months later — in dismal fashion, losing to Standard Liege, and Hamburg in successive matches. Then, just as the national side recovered some of their lost prestige with a victory at Hampden Park, Penarol beat Barcelona by three goals to nil, silencing those reporters already talking about a "disastrous tour in an alien continent". Playing brilliant football in the first half, they demonstrated the truth of William Martinez's observations that *"acclimatisation is an impossible thing to condense into a few days. It takes time, and in a concentrated tour, this means that two or three early defeats are inevitable"*.

That Penarol have been much more at home on their own continent is borne out by their success in the South American Clubs' Cup—already widely published in WORLD SOCCER and SOCCER STAR. There will be time enough for either Gordon Jeffery or myself to look at the overall progress of this competition when we learn the result of Penarol's attempt to achieve a hat-trick in face of formidable opposition from Nacional and Santos. In the meantime, however, a brief analysis of the players who have revived Penarol's prominence may be of interest to readers.

Six of those who played so gamely against the formidable Real Madrid side of two years ago, Maidana, Martinez, Aguerre, Goncalvez, Spencer and Cubilla, are still in the first team. Luis Maidana has lost both his moustache and something of his confidence in recent months, but the powerfully-built goalkeeper still compares favourably with the best in Uruguay.

So does the veteran defender and captain, William Martinez, who has played a record fifty-four times for his country, and rarely gives any indication of this thirty-four years. Another long-serving player is Walter Aguerre, now filling the defensive wing-half position in the 1-3-2-4 formation, while Nestor Goncalvez acts us a link in midfield. Alberto Spencer, an Ecuadorian star now topping the goal-scoring charts in Uruguay, and Luis Cubillas, a brilliant dribbler in the Matthews style, continue to form a deadly right-wing pair in the forward line.

Nilton Da Silva, the outstanding Brazilian-born full-back, has left for pastures new; in his place is the equally-talented Ruben Gonzalez, one of the finest half-backs in Uruguay. Another defender worthy of mention is Jose Rotulo, on Uruguay's short list for Chile, but who is unable to find a regular place in Penarol's League side!

The forwards now read from right to left: Spencer, L. Cubilla (or De Britos), Sasia, Cabrera (or Rocha), Ledesma (or L. Cubilla again). This easy versatility has tended to be an asset rather than a liability, as Cubilla, Cabrera and Sasia are frequently called away on international duty. Jose Sasia forfeited the captaincy of the national side in order to go to Boca Juniors in 1960, but his return last season in Penarol's colours added punch to the forward line of both club and country. He was the only player to enhance his reputation on Uruguay's recent tour, playing in all five matches; of the other Penarol players, Gonzales, Goncalves, and Cubilla made four appearances; Rocha took part in three games; Maidana and Cabrera one each. These are the stars of Penarol, the club founded by Britons, whose name has become legendary from the Panama Canal to the Straits of Magellan.

THEY PLAY FOR PENAROL AND URUGUAY

		Age	Caps
Luis Maria Maidana	Goalkeeper	28	5
William Martinez	Right-back	34	54
Edgardo Gonzalez	Right-half	28	7
Nestor Gonçalvez	Centre-half	24	12
Pédro Rocha	Inside-forward	19	3
Miguel de Britos	Inside-forward	21	1
José Francisco Sasia	Centre-forward	28	17
Luis Cubilla	Outside-left	22	9

(Up to but not including the World Cup)

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RHODESIAN and SOUTH AFRICAN NEWS

ONCE more, the white-hot politics of Central Africa has been allowed to creep into soccer. A tour of Nigeria had been arranged by the Southern Rhodesian Football Association of a fully representative Federal side. This was a tour that Rhodesian soccer badly needed. The game is sadly lacking in competition with foreign opposition, and the visit to Nigeria would have provided a splendid opportunity of Rhodesia coming up against a leading African country. Two internationals were included in the itinerary and a fully multi-racial party selected. But then politics stepped in (writes NORMAN D. REICH).

Nationalist party leaders of both the Rhodesias — their policies dead against the Federation—are alleged to have had the African members of the side intimidated—and one, Bancroft's Malama, actually withdrew from the side. Malama first accepted his invitation to tour Nigeria, but after the United National Independence Party had spoken out against the trip, he withdrew.

The issue came up in the Nigerian press, and a dispute followed in both countries. The Federal Government settled the issue by cancelling the trip—and so Rhodesia lost a fine chance of raising her standards. It is to be deplored that politics took a hand as it did.

The National Leagues of both Northern and Southern Rhodesia have got under way. Salisbury City are setting the pace in the south, with a new acquisition in Steve Makoni from Barnsley, who also played in the Dutch First Division. Another Salisbury club, United, have signed the Preston North End forward, Gavin Laing, and he is settling down well.

The northern pace-setters are Rhokana United and Nchanga Sports. City of Lusaka, led by ex-England international, Jackie Sewell are close on their heels. In a fixture against Kitwe United, Sewell received marching orders for the first time in his long and fine career. His case has still not been cleared up, and the National League Disciplinary Committee have resigned *en bloc* over the matter.

Southern Rhodesia have become a member of F.I.F.A. Northern Rhodesia have also made an application to be accepted but this has not yet been passed.

SOUTH AFRICA

Managers of the top bracket clubs in the Republic are now speculating on the coming decision of F.I.F.A. as regards to the countries affiliation. It is now viewed as three to one that South Africa will be expelled. They are now looking into the matter of snapping up leading stars from overseas. Top performers from any affiliated country could be induced to South Africa with large cheques and extra income from part-time employment. British clubs may well find it difficult to persuade their leading lights to remain once their contracts expire.

All these things point to the progress of the game locally. Growth of soccer in South Africa is assured and it only remains for it to find a level of economical standing that will last for many, many years.

LITTLE PROGRESS IN PERU

Continued from page 21

he announced blandly. Peru, with its part-time mechanics and taxi-drivers, simply could not afford to pay him. So it was left to the few remaining stars, the young captain De la Vega, Alianza's winger Vides Mosquera, and jack-in-the-box wing-half Grimaldo, to save the honour of Peru—if they could.

The match itself, and England's confident 4-0 victory, is past history. The Peruvians pressed hard during the first ten minutes, and Nieri brought a full-length save out of Springett. Reserve centre-forward Locato also missed a good chance, and one wonders what would have happened if Gallardo had not been on tour with Sporting Crystal—*and if Seminario had not been sitting in the stand.* But it was England who got the first goal, from a penalty-kick blasted home by Ron Flowers.

One-nil, and the match—as a match—was over. In the next thirty-five minutes England had seventeen direct shots at goal to Peru's one. Greaves was the executioner with three well-taken goals, but it might easily have been Hitchens with two headers just wide, or the flying Charlton but for death or glory saves by goal-keeper Bazan. The England forward line created openings with precision.

There was no further score in the second half simply because the woodwork got in the way of shots by Greaves and Haynes, and because two Peruvian defenders kicked Hitchens' best efforts off the line. Peru's attack was simply never in the game, even botching a penalty in the fifty-second minute.

Perhaps Springett deserves some credit for saving Montalvo's casual shot, but referee Heiger deserves none at all for awarding the penalty in the first place—or the one converted by England, for that matter. It seems high time that the Austrian referee, under contract in Peru, went home for a refresher course: his decisions in this match had the illogical air of some temperamental Latin American officials.

Grimaldo, Peru's left-half, evidently thought so, too, and he expressed his opinion to Heiger in no uncertain fashion. Unfortunately the Austrian had already become acquainted with the language, and he dispatched the wing-half to the dressing-rooms for his pains. As he made the long trek past a curious Ron Springett, tiny bonfires flickered into life at the other end of the stadium. It was the funeral pyre for Peru.

REPEAT OF DISAPPOINTMENT

Continued from page 22

line-out each week but the downward trend continued. The heartbeat of senior soccer in Sligo get weaker with each passing year. What a shame to see this grand old club on hard times and so few helping hands extended.

Down South saw plenty of bustle. And more progress than elsewhere soccer sign-posts in Munster point to pathways of prosperity.

Cork Celtic, building on the foundations laid by Tommy Moroney before his departure to Cork Hibernians, had one of their best seasons. They won the Dublin City Cup and finished level with Shelbourne on top of the league table. But went down to the "reds" in the first ever league play-off.

The signing of Mick Millington from Transport proved to be a master stroke. The former Aston Villa player had a wonderful season which ended with his selection on the League team that went to Italy. However, it's an ill wind: and latest reports say Mick will again cross the channel. This time to join Brighton.

Moroney at the Mardyke screamed the headlines when Tommy crossed the Lee to join Hibernians. And the Cork "greens" made a strong bid for Shield honours but after failing to Drumcondra at Tolka Park free-wheeled downhill. They came again with a late but unsuccessful run to gain a Top Four place and with it entry into the Independent Cup.

Veteran star Tommy Eglinton ran the left-wing in fine style. Won his first league jersey against the Scottish League. However, the vital International cap, it would be his twenty-fifth, necessary to qualify for the shamrock statuette continued to elude him.

Waterford, under the tutelage of Paddy Coad, experienced a disappointing year. They made a brave effort to oust Rovers in the semi-final but their young team needed an old head. Many opine that Coad made a big mistake sitting on the sideline during those two ties. A lot of chopping and changing went on at Kilcohan Park. Make no mistake, Paddy knows his business. His policy paid off at Milltown. It is of necessity a slow process but the "blues" should reap a rich reward when rainbow's end is reached. Jim Sinnott, the O'Neill brothers and Shamie Coad are stars in the making.

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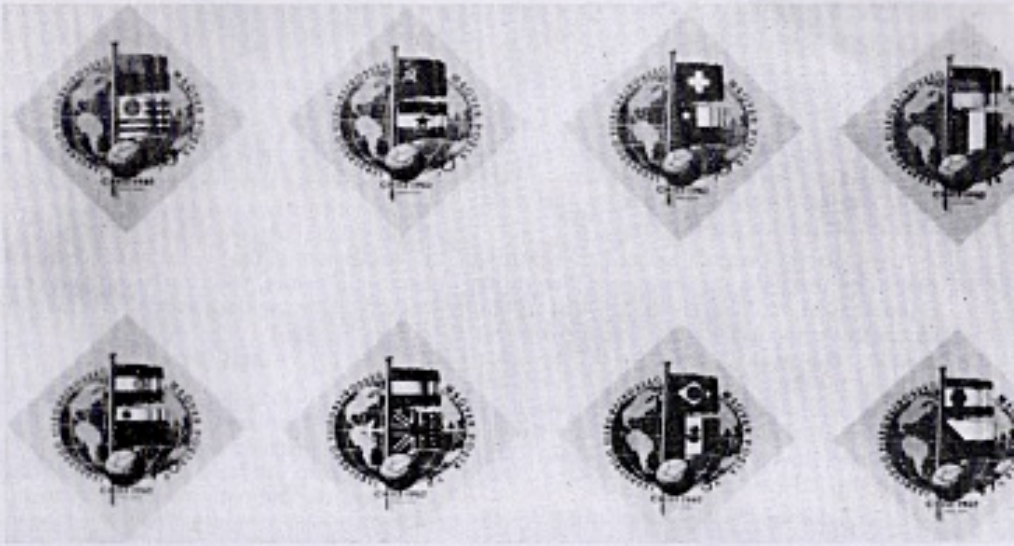

EVEN THE POSTMAN LOOKS AT THEM TWICE

A NEW SLANT ON SOCCER

by

LESLIE PAGE

THE postman looks twice—and probably knocks twice too—when he delivers letters where postage stamps employing sporting associations have been used. Unless he is a collector himself—and many postmen are—he is likely to be intrigued by the designs and might even take to wondering, like many other, why the G.P.O. of the United Kingdom do not make greater use of this attractive and interesting method of raising revenue. In the world of philately the collection of sporting stamps is a comparatively new hobby but so many enthusiasts combine a great interest in sporting subjects with the study of postage stamps, it is surprising that the field of specialisation is not wider.

The first modern Olympiad in Greece, in 1896, brought forth the initial issue of stamps directly concerned with sport. It cannot be reported that collectors went wild. The designs were somewhat dated by modern standards and no great demand was set up for them. Twelve designs were issued on this occasion and it was not for another ten years that the experiment was repeated.

Again the initiating country was Greece and the subject the Olympic games. The issue was once more generous in terms of numbers, fourteen different designs appearing. There were few sporting stamps, however, until the middle of the 1920s and the first ever association football issue was made by Uruguay in 1924 to celebrate that country's Olympic win in Paris. The number of stamps printed was very small and today they are in great demand.

A goalkeeper leaping to clutch the ball was pictured on the first Hungarian soccer issue in 1925. The stamp was not circulated to celebrate any particular event but, in fact, marked the start of an interesting trend. The stamps, sold well above their face value, were intended to assist in the raising of cash for the propagation of sport generally in Hungary. We have to remember that money for this kind of activity was strictly rationed in a part of Europe so recently split by the first World War and many succeeding internal upheavals. I merely note this if the method of approach is considered unusual or if the question is posed as to why Great Britain or the United States, for example, did not emulate these operations.

The Netherlands put out a series of Olympic stamps in 1928, one of which depicted a soccer player about to hare away up the field. Uruguay produced the most outstanding example of analogy and myth when their team again walked away with the honours at the 1928 Olympic finals in Amsterdam. A goal of trees and greenery was topped by an, obviously, immobile soccer ball, resting symbolically on the top of the cross-bar. In the background the sun is either rising or setting behind a hill.

Bulgaria made sorties into the stamp arena in 1931 and 1933 to mark the occasion of the first Balkan games in Sofia but only one basic design was employed. The Fascist Empire of Benito Mussolini, determined to impress the world with their sporting activities, set out to rivet attention upon themselves in 1934 on the occasion of the second World Cup series in Rome. By any standards the number of stamps made available was extremely high and a separate series was printed for the Italian colonies.

The illustrations were imaginative if not exactly brilliant in execution, and the stamps, showing action on the soccer field, appear today outdated in many respects, although a number of goalmouth incidents are graphically portrayed. Picturisations of the stadia at Rome, Turin and Bologna, players making the Fascist salute, an aircraft passing across a stadium and one linking the past with the present, showing a soccer ball with ruins of ancient times in the background, were included in the series.

National Games

Colombia put out a soccer stamp in 1935, on the occasion of the third National Games in Barranquilla, depicting a couple of men garbed in turn-of-the-century outfits and in the same year Russia came up with a large triangular in blue and red in which a tough looking character is getting the ball away from the danger area in no uncertain manner. This stamp appeared to celebrate the World Spartacist Games in Moscow.

For the 1936 Olympics in Berlin, Germany issued a green, showing a player clearing up-field and this stamp reached a very wide circulation. Players in action became the rule of the day, as it were, in the few short years remaining before the second World War. Colombia noted their fourth National games in this way and Roumania the twenty-fifth Anniversary of their sports union in 1937. Panama weighed in with a fifteen cent blue for the fourth Central American games in 1938 and a pattern began to emerge.

Italy went to Paris in that year and retained the World Cup and France made available an action shot of a goalkeeper making a leaping sprawl of a save from a jumping forward; one of the backs watching the incident with animated interest. The words F.I.F.A. appear on either side at the top of the stamp.

Before more serious events overcame them, the Russians honoured the Soviet Sports Festival with a rugged individual blasting the ball away in great determination. From then onwards, with one exception, Europe was barren through the war years. For the collector, however, irrespective of whether he was in a position to obtain them at the time or not, Costa Rica celebrated the Central American and Caribbean Soccer Championships in 1941 with eighteen stamps, generally regarded as some of the finest ever issued.

The airmails are reproduced from an actual photograph of a playing incident and the illustration is surrounded by reproductions of the twelve participating countries' flags. In view of the conditions existing at the time of their origin these splendid specimens are hardly ever to be found in Europe and as a consequence fetch considerable prices.

The stamps were reissued in 1946 and 1947 with date and postal rate amendments.

One soccer issue during the war years emerged from Slovakia, then occupied by the Germans, and I suppose one must regard its appearance, at that time, as unusual to say the least. A young player is shown preparing to head the ball, whilst a stadium forms the background.

The Russians, immensely proud of the Moscow Dynamos in the immediate post-war years, perpetuated their memory in 1948 and 1949, on the latter issue coupling them with Spartak.

After a gap of twelve years in 1950 when the World Cup was held in Brazil and the hosts beaten in the Final by Uruguay, the

Continued overleaf

EVEN THE POSTMAN LOOKS AT THEM TWICE

Continued from previous page

Brazilians made merry with three designs, none of which reached a high standard of reproduction, although the stadium in Rio looks impressive and massive in the aerial shot illustrated on one of them.

A year later, Uruguay saluted her sporting heroes by issuing a victory stamp illustrating a soccer boot, ball and sock. This was similar in character to the design of the World Cup posters, the sock incorporating reproductions of the flags of the countries which took part in the event. Guatemala, Japan and Hungary all contributed to the art in 1950, whilst Bolivia and Czechoslovakia were both active in 1951.

The Olympics of 1952 saw Finland marking the occasion as host nation with a neat effort and Luxemburg, Monaco, Yugoslavia and Trieste making interesting, modernistic contributions. By now the flood gates were open and country after country made the posting of a letter the occasion to impress all who saw the envelopes and at the same time increased this particular source of revenue.

Hungary made useful capital out of England's defeat at Wembley in 1953, by issuing a stamp printed with the date, the score (6-3) and a Hungarian player striding away from his opponent. Triangular in shape, large in dimensions, there was even a special cancellation mark making absolutely certain the world at large was fully aware of the work carried out by Puskas and company. Earlier in the year, Hungary made a similar issue when the Nép Stadium in Budapest was opened. The events at Wembley emboldened them to overprint in the way I have described.

The World Cup Finals of 1954 coincided with the 50th anniversary of F.I.F.A. and the Swiss, using a world map as background, superimposed a soccer ball with wording round most of the four sides. Special cancellation marks were employed at Lausanne for the opening match and again at Berne for the Final. Liechtenstien, well known for their activities in the stamp field, joined their near neighbours, Switzerland, and made available sporting designs for the first time.

Military

Liberia, Spanish Guinea and Turkey were on the ball, as it were, in 1955; Turkey celebrated their victory in the Military Soccer Championship in Italy and Guatemala put on record the 50th anniversary of organised football in that country. The 1956 Olympics were marked with issues from Hungary, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Russia who illustrated a scene from the Final played at Melbourne.

China's first Workers' Games put the Communists into the sporting spotlight and in the same year (1957) the Championships at Curacao and the Pan Arabian Games in Beirut gladdened the hearts of local postmasters.

Stockholm, scene of the 1958 World Cup, inspired Czechoslovakia, Somalia, Russia and Sweden to make issues. Russia's was extremely small and not available after the first day. Brazil marked her victory the following year by depicting a player and a background reproduction of the World Cup itself.

Nearly thirty more football stamps have appeared since then commemorating anniversaries, Games, Championships and even a revolution. Ghana's 1959 issue for the West African Football Championships places on record a series of matches which did not take place. Perhaps the market is getting a little overcrowded now and like everything else when the numbers rise there are some who do not wish to participate. The United Kingdom might well feel in this position although the World Cup Finals here in 1966 would be an ideal occasion to enter the scene.

Strangely the most written about sport in the world—cricket—still cannot claim a sporting stamp of its own. For all the vast research put in by Carl-Olof Enhagan for his book, SPORTS STAMPS, published by Stanley Paul (25s.), he could not discover one issue covering this subject. Judo, bobsleighing, shooting, volley ball, weight lifting and even pelota—but not cricket. Almost good enough for a Quiz programme.

The future of British soccer

AT the mention of the above phrase I can hear the sceptics: "Has it a future?" To which I would reply "Yes, if it meets several conditions".

One of these conditions is a change of season—from winter to summer. I admit that large numbers of people still flock to see so-called soccer in the puddles, but I keep hoping that eventually sanity will prevail and that the great game will one day be transferred to drier and sunnier (Sunday) afternoons. England can never hope to challenge the *futbol senors or senhors* as long as there is this persistence in bogging down soccer talent.

No player can fully develop his innate skills on or rather in mud: he needs a dry pitch and a dry ball. Given such prerequisites the footballers will be enabled to try to win some sorely-needed soccer prestige for this country; as things stand the name of Great Britain does not mean that much in soccer skill and entertainment. There are at the moment a number of sturdily-built players who are cheerfully prepared to churn through eight months of North-West European mud, and who could conceivably play excellent soccer on dry pitches if permitted by tradition and public opinion—or the lack of it.

How many, however, I always ask myself, how many more slightly-built lads have been scared off soccer by our intimidating winters, and League programme? Observe the language of the soccer commentators and writers—in their predictions and reports the word "fight", used both as a noun and a verb, crops up with a monotonous regularity. Plenty of fighting, but precious little football. . . .

This is not everyone's idea of the situation, but at the same time I feel that it reflects the opinion of many who would wish to see the game in England take a turn for the better—and in the shortest possible time.

H. H. LEE

Italian defenders Mattrel (left), Janich (centre) and Salvadore (right) are all beaten as the ball flashes into the net to give Chile their first goal in the World Cup match at Santiago, June 2. Chile won the match by two goals to nil.

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BRAZIL RETAIN THE WORLD CUP

Group I

MAY 30
(at Arica)

Uruguay (0) **2** (Cubilla, Sasias)
Colombia (1) **1** (Zuluaga pen.)

Uruguay: Sosa; Troche, Emilio Alvarez; Mendez, Goncalvez, El Alvarez; Cubilla, Roche, Langon, Sasias, Perez.

Colombia: Sanchez; Jaime Gonzalez, Lopez; Echeverri, Zuluaga, Silva; Aceros, Coll, Klinger, Gamboa, Arias.

MAY 31

Russia (0) **2** (Ivanov, Ponedelnik)
Yugoslavia (0) **0**

Russia: Yachin; Dubinski, Ostrovsky; Voronin, Maslenkin, Netto; Metreveli, Ivanov, Ponedelnik, Kanesvski, Meshki.

Yugoslavia: Soskic; Durkovic, Jusufi; Matus, Markovic, Popovic; Mujic, Sekularac, Jerkovic, Galic, Skoblar.

JUNE 2

Uruguay (1) **1** (Carbrera)
Yugoslavia (2) **3** (Skoblar pen., Galic, Jerkovic)

Uruguay: Sosa; Troche, Emilio Alvarez; Mendez, Goncalvez, Eliseo Alvarez; Roche, Bergera, Cabrera, Sasias, Perez.

Yugoslavia: Soskic; Durkovic, Jusufi; Facovic, Markovic, Popovic; Melic, Sekularac, Jerkovic, Galic, Skoblar.

JUNE 3

Russia (3) **4** (Ivanov 2, Chislenko, Ponedelnik)
Colombia (1) **4** (Aceros, Coll, Rada, Klinger)

Russia: Yachin; Tchockeli, Ostrovski; Voronin, Maslenkin, Netto; Chislenko, Ivanov, Ponedelnik, Kaneski, Meshki.

Colombia: Sanchez; Jaime Gonzalez, Echeverri; Serrano, Alzate, Lopez; Aceros, Coll, Klinger, Rada, Gonzalez.

JUNE 6

Uruguay (0) **1** (Sasias)
Russia (1) **2** (Mamykin, Ivanov)

Uruguay: Sosa; Troche, Emilio Alvarez; Mendez, Goncalvez, Eliseo Alvarez; Cubilla, Cortez, Cabrera, Sasias, Perez.

Russia: Yachin; Tchockeli, Ostrovski; Voronin, Maslenkin, Netto; Chislenko, Ivanov, Ponedelnik, Mamykin, Chusainov.

JUNE 7

Colombia (0) **0**
Yugoslavia (2) **5** (Jerkovic 3, Galic, Melic)

Colombia: Sanchez; Jaime Gonzalez, Echeverri; Serrano, Alzate, Lopez; Aceros, Coll, Klinger, Rada, H. Gonzalez.

Yugoslavia: Soskic; Durkovic, Jusufi; Radakovic, Markovic, Popovic; Ankovic, Sekularac, Jerkovic, Galic, Melic.

Final Table

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Ps.
Russia	3	2	1	0	8	5	5
Yugoslavia	3	2	0	1	8	3	4
Uruguay	3	1	0	2	4	6	2
Colombia	3	0	1	2	5	11	1

Group II

MAY 30
(at Santiago)

Chile (1) **3** (Leonel Sanchez 2, Ramirez)
Switzerland (1) **1** (Wuthrich)

Chile: Escuti; Eyzaguirre, Raul Sanchez; Navarro, Contreras, Rojas; Ramirez, Toro, Landa, Fouilloux, Leonel Sanchez.

Switzerland: Elesener; Morf, Schneiter; Grobety, Tacchella, Weber; Allemann, Pottier, Eschmann, Wuthrich, Antenen.

MAY 31

West Germany (0) **0**
Italy (0) **0**

West Germany: Fahrian; Nowak, Schnellinger; Schulz, Erhardt, Szymaniak; Sturm, Haller, Seeler, Brulls, Schafer.

Italy: Buffon; Losi, Robbotti; Salvadore, Maldini, Radice; Ferrini, Rivera, Altafini, Sivori, Menichelli.

JUNE 2

Chile (0) **2** (Ramirez, Toro)
Italy (0) **0**

Chile: Escuti; Eyzaguirre, Raul Sanchez; Navarro, Contreras, Rojas; Jaime Ramirez, Toro, Landa, Fouilloux, Leonel Sanchez.

Italy: Matrel; David, Robotti; Salvadore, Janich, Tambarous; Moro, Maschio, Altafini, Ferrini, Menichelli.

JUNE 3

West Germany (1) **2** (Brulls, Seeler)
Switzerland (0) **1** (Schneiter)

West Germany: Fahrian; Nowak, Schnellinger; Schulz, Erhardt, Szymaniak; Koslowski, Haller, Seeler, Schafer, Brulls.

Switzerland: Elsener; Schneiter, Tacchella; Weber, Wuthrich, Grobety; Antenen, Eschmann, Allemann, Vonlanthen, Durr.

JUNE 6

West Germany (1) **2** (Szymaniak pen., Seeler)
Chile (0) **0**

West Germany: Fahrian; Nowak, Schnellinger; Schulz, Erhardt, Giesemann; Kraus, Szymaniak, Seeler, Schafer, Brulls.

Chile: Escuti; Eyzaguirre, Navarro; Contreras, Raul Sanchez, Rojas; Moreno, Tobar, Landa, Ramirez, Leonel Sanchez.

JUNE 7

Italy (1) **3** (Mora, Bulgarelli 2)
Switzerland (0) **0**

Italy: Buffon; Losi, Robotti; Salvadore, Maldini, Radice; Mora, Bulgarelli, Sormani, Sivori, Pascuti.

Switzerland: Elsener; Schneiter, Tacchella; Groberty, Meier, Weber; Antenen, Vonlanthen, Wuthrich, Allemann, Durr.

Final Table

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Ps.
W. Germ'y	3	2	1	0	4	1	5
Chile	3	2	0	1	5	3	4
Italy	3	1	1	1	3	2	3
Switzerl'd	3	0	0	3	2	8	0

Group III

(at Vina del Mar)
MAY 30

Brazil (0) **2** (Zagalo, Pele)
Mexico (0) **0**

Brazil: Gilmar; Djalma Santos, Nilton Santos; Zozimo, Mauro, Zito; Garrincha, Didi, Vava, Pele, Zagalo.

Mexico: Carbajal; Del Muro, Villegas; Cardenas, Sepulveda, Najera; Del Aguilla, Reyes, Hernandez, Jasso, Diaz.

MAY 31

Czechoslovakia (0) **1** (Stribranyi)
Spain (0) **0**

Czechoslovakia: Schroif; Lala, Novak; Pluskal, Popluhar, Masopust; Stibranyi, Scherer, Kvasniak, Adamec, Jelinek.

Spain: Carmelo; Revilla, Reija; Segarra, Santamaria, Garay; Del Sol, Puskas, Martinez, Suarez, Gento.

JUNE 2

Brazil (0) **0**
Czechoslovakia (0) **0**

Brazil: Gilmar; Djalma Santos, Nilton Santos; Zito, Mauro, Zozimo; Garrincha, Didi, Vava, Pele, Zagalo.

Czechoslovakia: Schroif; Lala, Novak; Pluskal, Popluhar, Masopust; Stanbranyi, Scherer, Kvasnak, Adamec, Jelinek.

JUNE 3

Spain (0) **1** (Peiro)
Mexico (0) **0**

Spain: Carmelo; Rodriguez, Gracia; Verges, Santamaria, Perez; Del Sol, Peiro, Puskas, Suarez, Gento.

Mexico: Carbajal; Del Muro, Jauregui; Cardenas, Sepulveda, Najera; Del Aguila, Reyes, Hernandez, Jasso, Diaz.

JUNE 6

Brazil (0) **2** (Amarildo 2)
Spain (1) **1** (Adelardo)

Brazil: Gilmar; Djalma Santos, Nilton Santos; Zito, Mauro, Zozimo; Garrincha, Didi, Vava, Amarildo, Zagalo.

Spain: Araquistain; Rodriquez, Gracia, Verges, Echeverra, Pachin; Collar, Adelardo, Puskas, Peiro, Gento.

JUNE 7

Mexico (2) **3** (Del Aguila, Diaz, H. Hernandez)
Czechoslovakia (1) **1** (Masek)

Mexico: Carbajal; Del Muro, Jauregui; Cardenas, Sepulveda, Najera; Del Aguila, A. Hernandez, H. Hernandez, Reyes, Diaz.

Czechoslovakia: Schroif; Lala, Novak; Pluskal, Popluhar, Masopust; Stibranyi, Scherer, Kvasnak, Adamec, Masek.

Final Table

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Ps.
Brazil	3	2	1	0	4	1	5
Cz'slovakia	3	1	1	1	2	3	3
Mexico	3	1	0	2	3	4	2
Spain	3	1	0	2	2	3	2

Group IV

MAY 30
(at Rancagua)

Argentina (1) **1** (Facundo)
Bulgaria (0) **0**

Argentina: Roma; Navarro, Marzolini; Sainz, Sacchi, Paez; Facundo, Rossi, Pagani, Sanfilippo, Belen.

Bulgaria: Naidenov; Rakarov, Kitov; Kostov, Dimitrov, Kovatchev; Diev, Velitchkov, Iliev, Yakimov, Kolev.

MAY 31

Hungary (1) **2** (Tichy, Albert)
England (0) **1** (Flowers pen.)

Hungary: Grosics; Matrai, Meszoly; Sarosi, Solymosi, Sipos; Sandor, Rakosi, Albert, Tichy, Fenyvesi.

England: Springett; Armfield, Wilson; Moore, Norman, Flowers; Douglas, Greaves, Hitchens, Haynes, Charlton.

JUNE 2

England (2) **3** (Flowers pen., Charlton, Greaves)
Argentina (0) **1** (Sanfilippo)

England: Springett; Armfield, Wilson; Moore, Norman, Flowers; Douglas, Greaves, Peacock, Haynes, Charlton.

Argentina: Roma; Cap, Marzolini; Sacchi, Navarro, Paez; Olenik, Rattin, Sosa, Sanfilippo, Belen.

JUNE 3

Hungary (4) **6** (Albert 3, Tichy 2, Solymosi)
Bulgaria (0) **1** (Asparoukov)

Hungary: Ilku; Matrai, Sarosi; Solymosi, Meszoly, Sipos; Sandor, Gorocs, Albert, Tichy, Fenyvesi.

Bulgaria: Naidenov; Rakarov, Kitov; Christov, Dimitrov, Kovatchev; Sokolov, Velitchkov, Asparoukov, Kolev, Yakimov.

JUNE 6

Argentina (0) **0**
Hungary (0) **0**

Argentina: Dominguez; Sainz, Marzolini; Sacchi, Ramos, Albrecht; Facundo, Pando, Pagani, Olenik, Alberto Gonzalez.

Hungary: Groscis; Matrai, Sarosi; Solymosi, Meszoly, Sipos; Kuharsky, Gorocs, Monostori, Tichy, Rakosi.

JUNE 7

Bulgaria (0) **0**
England (0) **0**

Bulgaria: Naidenov; Pentchev, Jetchev; Kitov, Dimitrov, Kovatchev; Kostov, Velitchkov, Asparoukov, Kolev, Dermendjiev.

England: Springett; Armfield, Wilson; Moore, Norman, Flowers; Douglas, Greaves, Peacock, Haynes, Charlton.

Final Table

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Ps.
Hungary	3	2	1	0	8	2	5
England	3	1	1	1	4	3	3
Argentina	3	1	1	1	2	3	3
Bulgaria	3	0	1	2	1	7	1

Quarter-finals

JUNE 11

(at Arica)

Chile (2) **2** (Leonel Sanchez, Rojas)
Russia (1) **1** (Chislenko)

Chile: Escuti; Eyzaguirre, Navarro; Contreras, Raul Sanchez, Rojas; Ramirez, Toro, Landa, Tobar, Leonel Sanchez.

Russia: Yachin; Tchokeli, Ostrovsky; Voronin, Maslenkin, Netto; Chislenko, Ivanov, Ponedelnik, Mamykin, Meshki.

(at Vina del Mar)

Brazil (1) **3** (Garrincha 2, Vava)
England (1) **1** (Hitchens)

Brazil: Gilmar; Djalma Santos, Nilton Santos; Zito, Mauro, Zozimo; Garrincha, Didi, Vava, Amarildo, Zagalo.

England: Springett; Armfield, Wilson; Moore, Norman, Flowers; Douglas, Greaves, Hitchens, Haynes, Charlton.

(at Rancagua)

Czechoslovakia (1) **1** (Scherer)
Hungary (0) **0**

Czechoslovakia: Schroif; Lala, Novak; Pluskal, Popluhar, Masopust; Pospichal, Scherer, Kadraba, Kvasniak, Jelinek.

Hungary: Groscis; Matrai, Sarosi; Solymosi, Meszoly, Sipos; Sandor, Rakosi, Albert, Tichy, Fenyvesi.

(at Santiago)

Yugoslavia (0) **1** (Radakovic)
West Germany (0) **0**

Yugoslavia: Soskic; Durkovic, Jusufi; Radakovic, Markovic, Popovic; Kovacevic, Sekularac, Jerkovic, Galic, Skoblar.

West Germany: Fahrian; Nowak, Schnellinger; Schulz, Erhardt, Giesemann; Brulls, Haller, Seeler, Szymaniak, Schafer.

JUNE 13

Semi-finals

(at Vina del Mar)

Czechoslovakia (0) **3** (Scherer 2, Kadraba)
Yugoslavia (0) **1** (Jerkovic)

Czechoslovakia: Schroif; Lala, Novak; Pluskal, Popluhar, Masopust; Pospichal, Scherer, Kvasnak, Kadraba, Jelinek.

Yugoslavia: Soskic; Durkovic, Jusufi; Radakovic, Markovic, Popovic; Sijakovic, Sekularac, Jerkovic, Galic, Skoblar.

(at Santiago)

Chile (1) **2** (Toro, Leonel Sanchez pen.)
Brazil (2) **4** (Garrincha 2, Vava 2)

Chile: Escuti; Eyzaguirre, Rodriguez; Contreras, Raul Sanchez, Rojas; Ramirez, Toro, Landa, Tobar, Leonel Sanchez.

Brazil: Gilmar; Djalma Santos, Nilton Santos; Zito, Mauro, Zozimo; Garrincha, Didi, Vava, Amarildo, Zagalo.

JUNE 16

Match for third place

(at Santiago)

Chile (0) **1** (Rojas)
Yugoslavia (0) **0**

Chile: Godoy; Eyzaguirre, Rodriguez; Cruz, Raul Sanchez, Rojas; Ramirez, Toro, Campost, Tobar, Leonel Sanchez.

Yugoslavia: Soskic; Durkovic, Vinjaevic; Radakovic, Markovic, Popovic; Kovacevic, Sekularac, Jerkovic, Calic, Skoblar.

JUNE 17

Final

(at Santiago)

Brazil (1) **3** (Amarildo, Zito, Vava)
Czechoslovakia (1) **1** (Masopust)

Brazil: Gilmar; Djalma Santos, Nilton Santos; Zito, Mauro, Zozimo; Garrincha, Didi, Vava, Amarildo, Zagalo.

Czechoslovakia: Schroif; Tichy, Novak; Pluskal, Popluhar, Masopust; Pospichal, Scherer, Kadraba, Kvasnak, Jelinek.

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